

The TATLER

and **BYSTANDER**

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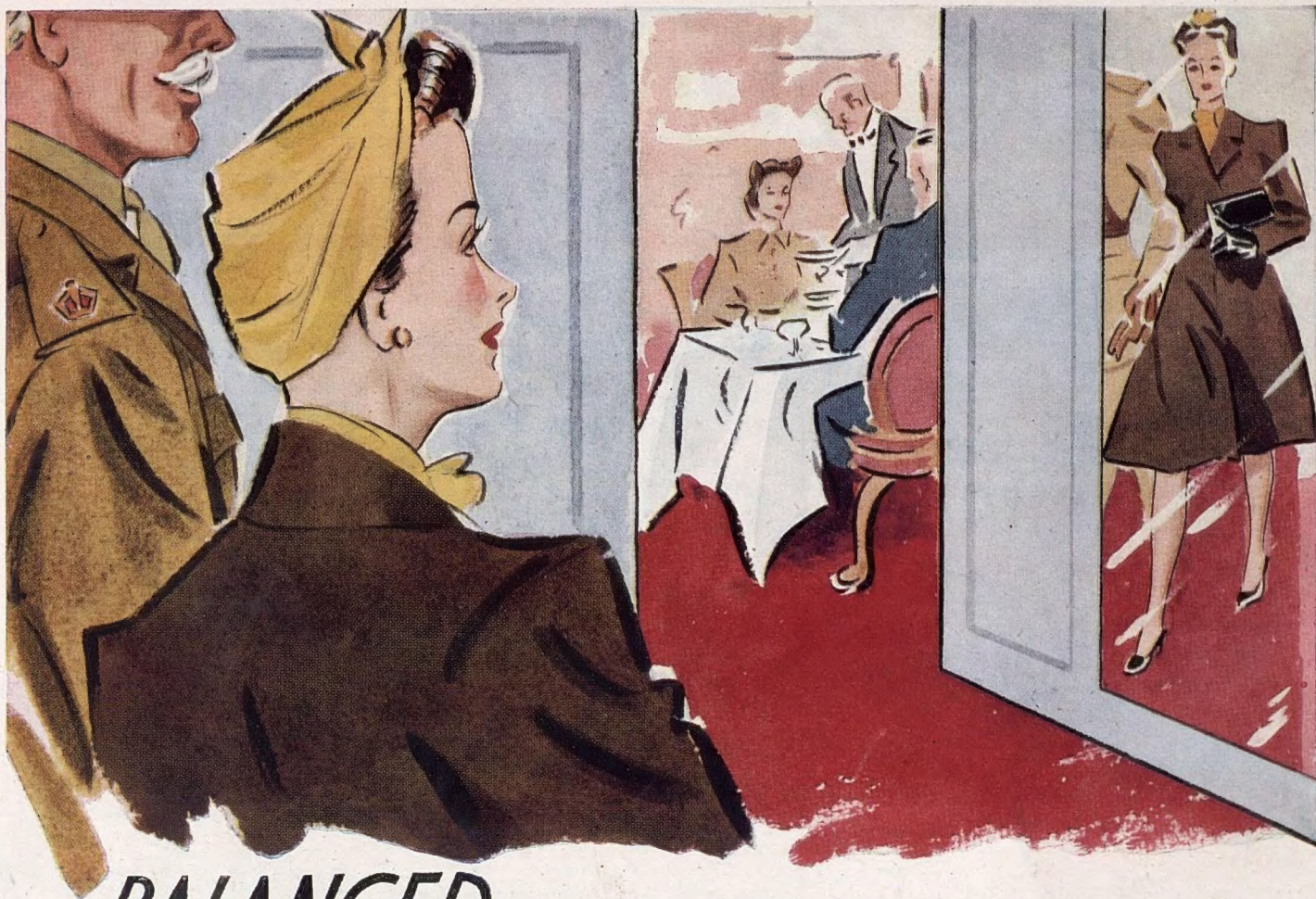
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THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

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October Birthday: The Duke of Kent is Eight Years Old

Saturday, October 9th, was the eighth birthday of the Duke of Kent, elder son of the late Duke and of the Duchess of Kent. He and his only sister, Princess Alexandra, who is just over a year his junior (her birthday is on Christmas Day), are inseparable, and both are fond of country pursuits, the latest of which appears to be bicycling. They have a small brother, Prince Michael, who, not to be outdone by his sister, chose another important date for his birthday, that of American Independence Day, July 4, 1942



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Welcome

THERE seemed to be something significant about the sudden arrival of Field Marshal Smuts who landed early one morning at a home counties airfield, supposedly with African clay on his boots, and motored at once to Whitehall. I don't mean that it was really as dramatic as it sounds, but that his coming was something of an omen. A good omen. The South African Prime Minister is always welcome in Whitehall where he has so many friends, among Civil Servants as well as politicians, soldiers as well as sailors and airmen. They all regard him as a wise and shrewd man who was once an active warrior on behalf of his principles and is now a calm philosopher and a practical statesman of no mean order.

In the last war Field Marshal Smuts's quiet voice and unassuming ways spread considerable influence in so many directions. He has a mind for massive detail as well as for minor human problems which some politicians are apt to forget. Naturally the presumption is that Field Marshal Smuts has come to London to work and to plan and, above all, to help in any way he can. He knows that now, and in the world that lies ahead, there is so much to be done that every extra hand is a blessing to those who shoulder heavy responsibility. Having got his elections over, with such triumphant success, there is no doubt that he feels free to give a helping hand.

It must not be forgotten that it was Field Marshal Smuts who helped to draft the League of Nations plan at the end of the last war. To do this he merged his own ideas, which he had drawn up for the Imperial War Cabinet, with those of the late President Wilson. Peace-planning is still one of Field Marshal Smuts's personal preoccupations, and I have no doubt that sooner or later we shall hear of a Smuts Plan for the new world.

Refusal

MARSHAL STALIN was unable to agree to the American Government's suggestion that, after all, the proposed three-power conference should be held in London and not in Moscow on account of the arduous journey Mr. Cordell Hull would have to undertake. The immediate reaction in Whitehall was typical: probably it is better to go to Moscow because we can get on with the work there and we can expect fewer delays and quicker decisions. The fact is that the conference is so vital to everything in the future that it is of little account where it is held. There are some who still assert that it should have been held in London for the sake of British prestige, and while they have something in their favour, the real necessity is the widest possible degree of international understanding and co-operation.

Obviously Mr. Cordell Hull feels this, and is therefore prepared to draw heavily on his health reserves to make the journey to Moscow. Moscow will be a new experience for Mr. Hull, but not for Mr. Eden. This will be his third official visit to the Russian capital. By now he knows the ways of the Russians better than many people, and to have advanced even some way on this road is an advantage, for only by understanding each other can we hope to appreciate persons and policies, their hopes and their aspirations.

Offensive

THE weather has begun to break in Russia, and the summer offensive which has been so competently carried out is giving place to new tactics to suit changing conditions. I have no doubt that the Russians drew heavily on their resources to maintain the summer offensive as against waiting to strike hard in the winter, as the Germans obviously thought would be their policy. But Marshal Stalin is not likely to pause now. He will keep contact with the

Germans at all costs, harry them wherever and whenever he can, and thus add to their anxieties. The Germans will soon have to make their choice of line which they intend to try to hold through the winter.

Meantime the Russian Air Force is becoming more active on the front, striking at the Luftwaffe, now so weakened by other commitments. From the British Isles, and from North Africa, and from Italy, in the near future, Germany is faced with an aerial bombardment unequalled at any time. Goebbels says to the Germans that they must face it because there can be no turning back, they must go on in the hope of victory. All the time the net draws closer and closer on land, and any German success at sea is merely sporadic. The U-boat has done its worst, and is now the hunted instead of the hunter.

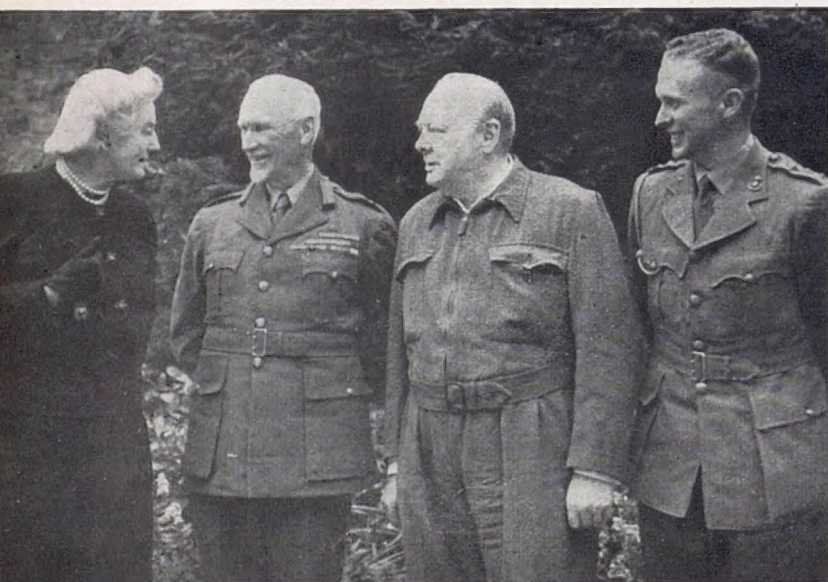
Tribute

THE Prime Minister's letter to Sir Dudley Pound on his resignation as First Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval Staff, was a personal and intimate tribute to a man who has carried a heavy burden at the Admiralty for four years. Sir Dudley went to the Admiralty before the war started, but in the knowledge that it was coming. On him depended more than anything else the maintenance of the national life-line, food and supplies from abroad. When these were secured, came the battle against the U-boat in the Atlantic and the aeroplane in the Mediterranean. These problems were causing the maximum of anxiety when the United States Navy was dealt a heavy blow at Pearl Harbour, and Japan came into the war.

All who worked with Sir Dudley Pound say that none of these worries perturbed him unduly. They never shook his courage, nor his faith. He slept regularly at the Admiralty so that he could be at hand at any moment. But most of the time he was at his desk hour after hour, and now the price has to be paid. Sir Dudley is tired out, and sorely afflicted by the loss of his wife but a few weeks back. But as Mr. Churchill says, the result of his tenure at the Admiralty these last four years "shed lustre on your name."

Victor

SIR ANDREW CUNNINGHAM succeeded Sir Dudley Pound in his Mediterranean Command four years ago, and now he follows him as First Sea Lord. Sir Andrew has been through the thick of the Mediterranean battle.



General Smuts Returns to Britain

When General Smuts arrived in London he was accompanied by his son, Capt. Jannie Smuts. They are seen here with Mr. and Mrs. Churchill at Downing Street. Gen. Smuts is to stay in Britain for some time, and will attend all the meetings of the War Cabinet



The New American Ambassador to Russia

Mr. W. Averill Harriman, recently nominated American Ambassador to Russia, was met in London on his return from a visit to the U.S.A. by Lt.-Gen. Jacob Devers, and Mr. Winant. Mr. Harriman was formerly President Roosevelt's personal representative in London on Lend-Lease matters



An Ambassador and His Family

The Duke of Palmella, new Portuguese Ambassador in Britain, seen with his wife and eleven children, arrived here recently, but is returning to Portugal this month to celebrate his silver wedding. He will bring back his younger children to be educated at British schools



The New Lord Mayor and His Daughter

Sir Frank Newson-Smith, Alderman of Farringdon Within, recently elected as London's new Lord Mayor, is a keen gardener. Here he is seen with his daughter, Mrs. Woodruff, examining some beautiful dahlias in his Hertfordshire garden. Mrs. Woodruff will help her mother with the duties of Lady Mayoress

from the moment when the odds were so heavily against us till now when our control of that sea is almost complete.

It is a remarkable record for one man, but Sir Andrew carries it modestly. He is devoted to the sea and to his ships. In all his posts abroad he has always insisted on sleeping aboard, so he will find the change something of a wrench when he has to "turn in" at the Admiralty, Whitehall, each night. Supported by his first-hand experience in the Mediterranean, Sir Andrew will be able to turn his attention to the sea problems of the Pacific which will become dominant now as the Mediterranean quiets down. Not forgetting, of course, that the Royal Navy will have quite a lot to do when the invasion of the Continent reaches full swell.

Vanquished

I WAS very much struck with the interview Marshal Badoglio gave to war correspondents in Italy the other day, but more by his attitude than by what he said. As one of the correspondents commented: "Badoglio spoke and moved and smiled as though we

had been his Allies all along, and he was perfectly at ease with us." Probably Marshal Badoglio regards the surrender of Italy as a victory for himself, for as the correspondent noted, there was no suspicion of shame or regret or doubt. He was completely confident in the rightness of what he had done.

No doubt Marshal Badoglio knows that he is the only man in Italy capable of holding the country together, and directing it along its future road. He probably knows that the Allies realise this only too well, and therefore he has reason for his self-confidence. But what a responsibility for a man to restore a country that never wanted war, has endured war unwillingly and slavishly, and, now wearied, is being pillaged and pounded by battle. It strikes me that Marshal Badoglio will need all his confidence to carry him through this great task, for his troubles have only just started.

Downfall

IT was typical of the man, that Mussolini should talk of dedicating himself to the Church in the hour of his fall from power. In his days

of dictating he never did anything for the Church, but appeared to treat it with disdain. Some say that he was openly and frankly an atheist. In his later days, Hitler has been known to appeal to the Almighty for his favours, though of all Nazis the Fuehrer has not shown any fine feelings for religion or the future of the churches. This seems to be the way of gangsters. As they are going down they will cling to anything and anybody in the hope of saving themselves.

Apparently Mussolini was talked out of getting any help from Hitler when they last met on more or less equal terms. Hitler showed that he has lost none of his powers of speech, whatever else he may have lost. He talked for two hours without stopping, and Mussolini could not get a word in at all. So he gave up, and returned to Rome and five days later the Fascist Grand Council threw him over and themselves smashed the Fascist regime in Italy. It must have given Hitler a jolt when he heard what had happened at the Fascist Grand Council. If Italians could do this to their beloved Duce, . . .



Oxford A.T.C. Passing-Out Parade

Johnson, Oxford

The Oxford University A.T.C. held a passing-out parade of cadets who are now joining the R.A.F. Present were S/Ldr. E. R. Guest, Mr. W. W. Wakefield, M.P., Director of the A.T.C., W/Cdr. E. Hack and Air/Cdre Warrington-Morris. Deputy Director of the A.T.C.



Directors of the W.A.A.F., Past and Present

Air Chief Commandant K. J. Trefusis Forbes, C.B.E., has relinquished her functions as Director of the W.A.A.F., on being posted for special duties. She is succeeded by Air Commandant Lady Welsh. The new Director is the wife of Air Marshal Sir William Welsh

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

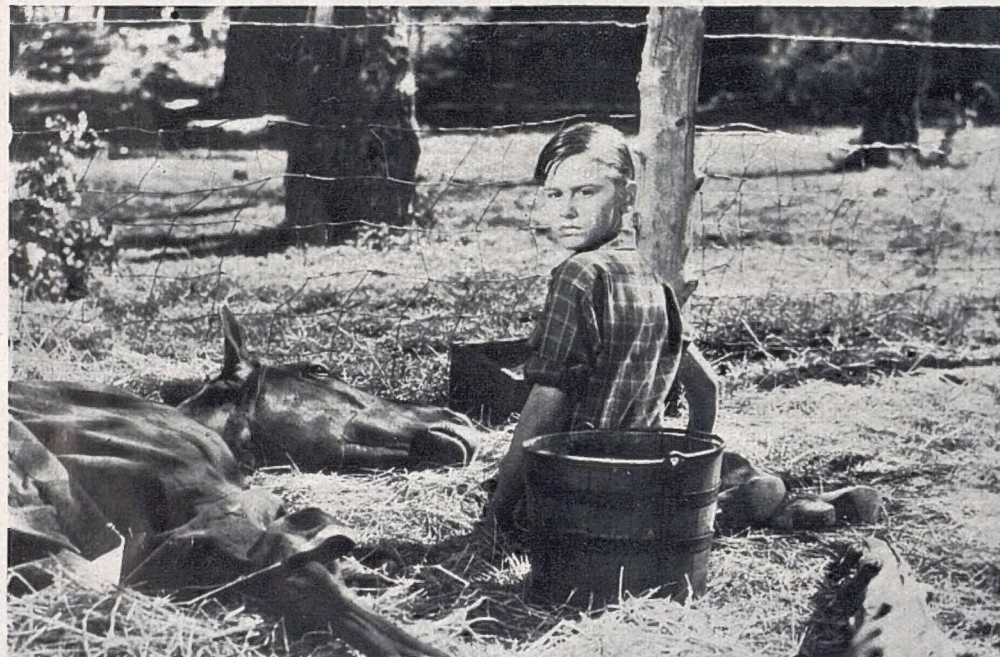
Seeing is Not Believing

By James Agate

As a rule in this matter of film criticism I am "a veray parfit gentil knight." Films which make me yawn until my spectacles fall into the lap of the couple sitting behind me are described in my articles as "expressing themselves cinematically." Of sentimental drivel which makes me want to vomit I say that they "strike the romantic note." In other words "The carl spak oo thing, but he thoghte another," as old Chaucer said. But even a film critic has his last straw, and *Adventures of Tartu* (Empire) is mine. It is one of those films which this film-goer can never begin to believe. It isn't good in the highbrow, Dilysian, Lejeunesque way. It isn't good in the *Four Feathers* or Mason-Korda way.

just possible. This is where talent figures. Any fool can write a scenario that is exciting and impossible. And yet I gave this *Tartu* nonsense every chance. I saw it begin and I saw it end. I looked neither to the right nor to the left. I never once went to sleep.

POSSIBLY Robert Donat has something to do with all this. And possibly, too, I ought never to criticise any film in which he is the leading character. The business of an actor, even of a film actor, is to make you believe in the character he is playing. Or, if he cannot quite make you believe, he must at least make you suspend disbelief. Now there is something about Donat which makes it impossible for him to illude me in any character



Roddy McDowall's Third Picture "My Friend Flicka" (Tivoli)

Roddy McDowall left this country two years ago and was taken to America by his mother. He was chosen to play the part of Huw, youngest of the Morgan family in "How Green Was My Valley." Later he appeared in "The Pied Piper." In his third picture, "My Friend Flicka," Roddy appears with Preston Foster and Rita Johnson. It is the story of a horse and of the boy who loved her and found himself through her. It is a sensitive, slight story taken from the novel by Mary O'Hara; it is escape from a war-worn world; a refreshing relief for more than an hour. You will shed tears, but not in vain, for there is a happy ending all round

I FIND it incredible that a young English army officer, pretending to be a Rumanian gigolo fired by Nazi ideals, should persuade the Germans to welcome him with open arms, introduce him to their most secret gas plant in the heart of Czechoslovakia, give him liberty and time to undermine the place, fail to catch him as he makes his get-away, and then allow their secrets, their gas, their plant, and their entire factory with its forty or fifty thousand employees, plus the local Gestapo, to be blown to smithereens. At this point the reader exclaims: "Yes, of course, that's all nonsense, but is the film exciting?" Well, it didn't excite me. I am afraid that before I can get excited about a film the events it portrays must be at least possible, if only

he plays. I find his old men too "wiggy," and his young men too debonair. Or is there something in me which prevents me from being Donat-illuded? Either way the result is the same.

I say to myself: "No, this is no English officer; this is that charming fellow, Robert Donat, in uniform. And how gallantly he wears it!" Or: "This is no Rumanian gigolo; this is that nice chap R.D. pretending to be a dago, and pretending quite cleverly." And so it went on throughout this film, in which I managed to believe in everybody except the chief character! Did I reserve a modicum of disbelief for the high-souled, long-nosed patriot portrayed by Valerie Hobson? If I must make a very long shot and a very

good guess, I should say that this film is ruined by little Glynis Johns, whose performance is of a realism to blow up everything and everybody in the film and send them far higher than the explosion sent that silly factory. Can the gift of actuality be hereditary? This little actress's father has never yet, as far as I know, appeared in a play without smashing it to atoms. If our film directors had the intelligence of a weevil—which they haven't—they would put Glynis under contract and give her £20,000 to do nothing for three years. She is not quite old enough to star, and the time could be occupied in looking round for the proper material. Or getting it written. Directors are always complaining that this country has no Bette Davis. Well, here's a Bette Davis in the making.

NOR did I believe a word of *Young Ideas* (Regal) in which Herbert Marshall appears as Othello, Mary Astor as Desdemona, and Iago is divided between Elliott Reid and Susan Peters, Desdemona's children by a former marriage. At every moment I expected Herbert to take Elliott and Susan by the throats, and bellow the famous line: "Be sure thou prove my love a —" Only, of course, he would have to say: "Be sure you prove your mother a —" However, I didn't mind not believing in the film, because first, Herbert gives an extraordinarily amusing performance, and second, because I always like Mary Astor, in addition to which Susan is a nice little thing. But I do hope and pray that I do not have to see much of Elliott, clever though he is. For only a clever actor could divest sub-normality of its charm and get away with it.

THE third film of the week in which I cannot believe is *So Proudly We Hail!* (Plaza). This for the reason that I do not believe that any company of nurses in Bataan or anywhere else has ever contained three such glamorous creatures as Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake. All these three act extremely well, Claudette being at the very top of her half-comic, half-pathetic form. I don't believe this film because of something which I haven't sufficient space to develop here. Briefly outlined, it is this: When you have events like the débâcles of Bataan and Corregidor portrayed with the maximum of realism, then the characters taking part in these events must be people who really could have been to those parts, not three well-known film actresses whom we know to have been sunning or screening themselves at Hollywood.

It is the old business of confounding realism with art. Half the time you are looking, not at a stage setting of Bataan and Corregidor, but at a first-rate reconstruction of the places and incidents, while for the other half you are watching a display of acting by three very clever artists. I quite realise that those who make pictures of this sort are in a cleft stick in so far as whereas I want to see ordinary and actual nurses getting away from these horrible places the average film-goer wants to see film stars getting away. Of course, so far as the film director is concerned, there is no stick to be cleft. So long as the picture pleases the general public, what does the director care what an odd critic thinks? I beg to tell Paramount for their edification, and Mr. Mark Sandrich, who produces and directs the film, for his amusement, that (a), I didn't believe a word of the story; (b), that I wept at frequent intervals rather more than the Walrus and the Carpenter put together; and (c), that Sonny Tufts is the greatest minor discovery the screen has made for years. I could expound that he is a combination of Joe Gargery and Ephikhodof. Except that no film director has ever heard of either.



James John Corbett, 1892

Birth of Boxing Under Queensberry Rules

"Gentleman Jim" tells the Story of James J. Corbett, the First Heavyweight Champion of the World

On the 7th September, 1892, in New Orleans, James J. Corbett, known as "Gentleman Jim," knocked out John L. Sullivan in the twenty-first round of a scheduled finish fight, and thus became the first heavyweight champion of the world under the Marquis of Queensberry rules. The film *Gentleman Jim* is based on Corbett's life. It opens in San Francisco in 1880. Boxing was legally banned, but fights still took place in secret places. Mutual interest in the sport brings together Corbett (Errol Flynn), then a bank clerk, and Vicki (Alexis Smith), daughter of Buck Ware, one of the millionaires of Comstock Lode fame. Corbett crashes the exclusive Olympia Club, and within twelve years is a world champion. Sullivan's gallant acceptance of defeat teaches Corbett the true value of success and his newly acquired humility inspires Vicki to confess her love



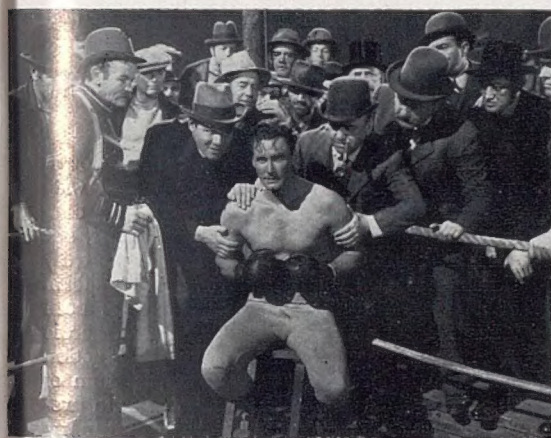
Through Vicki, Corbett is introduced to the Olympia Club. There he meets Vicki's fiancé Clinton De Witt (John Loder, Alexis Smith, Errol Flynn)



Corbett appears to be unbeatable. Hoping for his defeat, club members arrange for him to meet Jack Burke, an established champion (Art Foster, Errol Flynn)



Having defeated Burke, Corbett decides to become a professional. As a popular national hero, he tours the country as "Gentleman Jim"



After a drunken bout, Corbett finds he has acquired a manager, Billy Delaney (William Frawley), and that he has signed to meet a boxer named Miller



Again Corbett wins. He goes to New York and there visits the great John L. Sullivan (Ward Bond). He goads him into accepting a challenge for a championship fight



The fight arouses world-wide interest. The Corbett family arrive in full strength for the occasion: (Alan Hale as Pat Corbett, Dorothy Vaughan as Ma)



In the twenty-first round of a bruising fight, Corbett knocks out the great John L. Sullivan and becomes the first heavyweight champion of the world



Celebrating his success, Corbett finds that Vicki has sent him an outrageous hat—far too large for any man to wear



Sullivan presents Corbett with his famous championship belt. He tells him to wear it well and suddenly, aware of the responsibilities of success, Corbett accepts

The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell



"The Air Force Didn't Want Me" sings Cicely Courtneidge. Nevertheless, she is a likely looking recruit in her moulded-to-the-figure uniform as she salutes her erstwhile fiancé Jack Pendleton (Jack Hulbert)



Mandy Shaw (Gabrielle Brune) entertaining the Air Force, calls for a member of the audience to help her in singing "You're Done Something to Me." She finds Sergeant Austin (Ronald Shiner) a little too responsive to the words she sings



The Hulberts in disguise go sleuthing in accordance with the old tradition. They are searching for letters written by Jack in youthful ardour to Mandy Shaw, an American artiste who has disconcertingly — for Jack — turned up in England

Something in the Air (Palace)

IT is great fun having Miss Cecily Courtneidge back again. She is a thoroughly English comedienne, whose versatility, vitality and intimate good humour are unrivalled. And as long as she is in command of its numbers, this new musical comedy is all that its devisers intend, or her admirers could wish. Yet even she is mortal; and when, like the sun on an April morning, she intermittently withdraws her light, the more brightly to shine on return, the scene seems comparatively overcast.

Her popularity is due, not merely to her personality, but to her skill as an entertainer. It is well deserved. Such popularity, however, can become a kind of tyranny, particularly to the weavers of new material in which she may shine. That material must look new, but without prejudice to the 'old. Her admirers, naturally perhaps, if somewhat unreasonably, look not only for fresh delight, but for the familiar pleasure she has already given. They expect her—and she generously rewards that expectation—to be gay, whimsical, all but tear-compelling, and outrageously funny. She must charm as well as convulse. She must also outdo Proteus himself in ringing changes on age, sex, costume and character, while falling in and out of love with Mr. Jack Hulbert, the self-supporting hero, and her perfect foil and partner.

This may explain why each successive show in which these twin stars maintain their mutual ascendancy, seems less new and original than a further instalment of the old. Scenes, characters and situations may change, but the heart of the thing remains in the right, because familiar, place.

HERE then are the privileged excesses of farcical espionage, in which dastardly plotters against the welfare of England are shadowed, and their knavish tricks frustrated, by those self-appointed sleuths, Miss Courtneidge and Mr. Hulbert. The course of true love is ruffled by plot-obliging rifts, reconciliations and impulsive contretemps. Hairbreadth escapes from disaster, the repeated loss and resilient recovery of the trail, vary the hazards of an Odyssey that shifts and shimmers as at the whim of a magic wand. And all without incommencing those harmless necessary conventions—plot, lyrical relief, choric ensembles, patter songs, and tap-dancing virtuosity—which diversify the scenery and exercise the well-drilled entourage of this queen of burlesque.

The general hullabaloo is brewed at pre-war Ascot, and then blows through London and the provinces. It entails an all-standing journey by train corridor to the seaside. There Miss Courtneidge, while shadowing the elusive spy, lectures the town on the wartime virtues

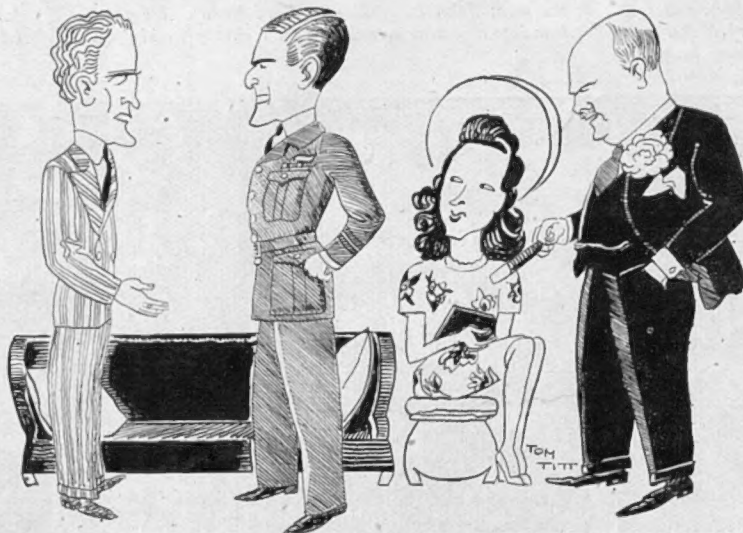
of the potato, before putting perilously to sea in an unchivalrous speed-boat, and just surviving a violent attack of all but mal de mer.

The storm ends where it began, in a teacup, and the now reconciled pair celebrate the double triumph of adventure and romance over the cup that cheers but not inebriates. The wedding bells that tinkled so dubiously in the first scene are now more than ready to take over from a trio of intrepid xylophonists, and to out-chime their inevitable Hungarian Rhapsody as soon as the final curtain has fallen.

BUT even more than the play, Miss Courtneidge is the thing. Having floated with spitfire grace through the dismaying conventions of her betrothal party at Ascot, she descends from the pseudo-sublime to the truly ridiculous. In the exiguous two-piece uniform of a W.A.A.F. Cinderella, she pursues both love and war in an officers' mess. Her heroic devotion to physical jerks by radio instruction is exhaustively funny and the comic plum of the show. Her patter song, fraught with pre-war nostalgia, is a serio-comic feat that man-crooners essay, but in which she scores triumph. Its heart-cry and humours are mingled with an ease that may seem second nature, but is as cunning as art itself.

Mr. Hulbert, debonaire as ever, supports Miss Courtneidge, tap-dances his deft cadenzas; smiles his chummy, chinny smile, and keeps things together with the mellow sleight of an old master. The production of the show is his also, which explains its sustained vivacity and unruffled poise.

The authors, Messrs. Arthur Macrae, Archie Menzies, and Jack Hulbert, and the composer, Mr. Manning Sherwin, meet all demands with professional skill; and should the result seem (as it did on the first night) more generous at times in quantity than irresistible in quality, that is a fault that pruning may remedy.



The German pilot who so ingenuously imagines he has found friends in England willing to help him to escape, discusses radiolocation theories with Freddie. (John Nicolson, Geoffrey Wardwell, Jean Gillie, John Turnbull)

Binnie Hale and Douglas Byng Keep the Colours Flying at the Lyric Theatre



The precocious enfant terrible is fairly presented by Binnie Hale in the dashing finale which brings down the curtain in Act I.



"Quo Vadis? Quo Ruddy Vadis?" cries Douglas Byng as he is borne on to the stage by two slaves. Once there, he takes possession with traditional Byng audacity in a number entitled "Rome—A Lay"

Flying Colours brings those two masters of burlesque, Binnie Hale and Douglas Byng, back to the London stage. Presented by Lee Ephraim and Emile Littler, it is light-hearted entertainment made all the more enjoyable by the clowning of Jackie Hunter, Hugh Rene, Hal Bryan and Walter Kirby, the sophisticated charm of Inga Anderson, and the dancing of Natasha Sokolova. High-lights of the show are, of course, provided by the two stars, most particularly when they are "alone by themselves" and can give full rein to their own especial talents

Photographs by
John Vickers



The American sailor (Jackie Hunter) gets his first introduction to cricket and the fine old English gentlemen (typified by Hal Bryan) who frequent the members' stand



Natasha Sokolova and Edward Baxter in "A Tale from the Decameron." Natasha is the only daughter of the Diaghileff ballerina, Lydia Sokolova



Highlight of the show is "Miledi," in which, as Emma Lady Hamilton, Binnie Hale sings "The Faithful Heart," by Max Kester and Kenneth Leslie Smith. In the background is Sir William Hamilton (Douglas Byng)

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

At Home

ALTHOUGH the party given by Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten was organised at short notice, owing to the uncertainty of the date of Lord Louis's departure for his new task in India, over 300 people responded. Royalty, members of the Government, Service Chiefs and Ambassadors, as well as many personal friends, were among the guests. It was noticeable how many women, as well as men, were in uniform, no doubt following the example set by their hostess, the Superintendent-in-Chief of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, and her daughter, Lady Patricia Mountbatten, who has been a Wren for four months now, specialising in signals and thoroughly enjoying the life. Many of Lord Louis's colleagues on his staff at Combined Ops. H.Q. were present, and some, like Lord Wavell, with whom he will be working when he takes up his new appointment as Supreme Allied Commander in South-East Asia.

Well Wishers

AMONG the royal guests were King Haakon, Crown Prince Olaf, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, and Prince Bertil of Sweden. Mr. John Winant was there; Dr. Wellington Koo; the Duke of Alba and his attractive, curly-headed daughter; Sir Alan Brooke; Sir Charles Portal; Sir Archibald Sinclair; Mr. Attlee; Mr. Anthony Eden; Sir John and Lady Anderson; Lady Lytton and Lady Brabourne (both wearing St. John uniform); Lady Cholmondeley, in the three-cornered hat of the W.R.N.S.; Lady Juliet Duff, in Y.M.C.A. uniform; Miss Sarah Dashwood, a Wren; and many other representatives of all the various women's Services. The most noticeable thing about the party was the enormously friendly atmosphere which the Mountbattens seem to have the gift of creating wherever they go. Lord Louis, by the way, had just sent off his birthday gift to the young Duke of Kent, who was eight years old last Sunday. Lord Louis and the boy's father were very close and old friends, and Lord Louis, with no sons of his own, takes a special interest in his small cousin, whom he is, I believe, anxious to see follow his father's

example one of these days by choosing the Navy as his career.

The Autumn Double at Ascot

FOR the first time in history the Cambridgeshire and Cesarewitch were run on the same day and at Ascot. The brilliant finale to the very successful meetings at Ascot this year drew the biggest crowd seen on any racecourse since the war. It was almost entirely composed of members of the Allied Forces and war-workers, all determined to make it a real day out, and thrilled at being able to see both legs of the great Autumn Double. The two races also happened to be the Tote Double, and the interest they excited can be judged by the fact that the pool was £16,127, an all-time record, sixty-eight winning 10s. tickets each drawing £213 8s.

The Cambridgeshire went to the Air Force, for Fun Fair is trained for his wife by S/Ldr. Rupert Laye. This grand three-year-old proved himself a real smasher, for he carried top weight—9 st. 1 lb.—and won by two lengths. Mr. Jimmie Rank was present to see Entangle finish second, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gordon brought a large family party, including their twin daughters, Miss Anthea Gordon and Mrs. Michael Gordon-Watson, to see Advocate run. They must have regretted his 7 lb. penalty incurred for winning at Salisbury, as he ran a really good race to finish close up fourth. The Duchess of Norfolk and the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Strutt came together and had a busy day with three well-fancied runners, none of whom, unfortunately, collected. They were talking to S/Ldr. Gerald Maxwell, who sometimes snatches time off to watch the work at Arundel.

Bright Lady refrained from falling, as is her habit, and won the Cesarewitch. Her owner, Mr. Sidney McGregor, and his wife, who used to ride so well in point-to-points, must have been much relieved to see her safely in the winning enclosure. Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine must have been disappointed over the running of First Edition, who started favourite for the Cambridgeshire, but ran badly, and also over Historic, for whom the going was hardly



After Their Wedding

Major Sir Delaval Cotter, 13th/18th Royal Hussars, and Mrs. Roma MacEwen, widow of S/Ldr. K. A. K. MacEwen, R.A.F., were married at the King's Chapel of the Savoy on Sept. 29th

soft enough, and who could only finish second in the Cesarewitch; however, their nice two-year-old Rameses redeemed the day for them by winning comfortably. Mr. W. Merifield, the owner of Coastal Traffic and a newcomer to the owners' ranks, must have been delighted with his big colt's smooth performance when he won the Knowl Hill Stakes. He started an odds-on favourite, and never gave his backers any anxiety.

People There

EVERYONE was delighted to see Capt. John Goldsmith, who used to train some good jumpers before the war. He was racing for the first time for two years, having had many adventures as a paratroop. Mrs. Goldsmith, who was a bright figure in emerald green, has been doing stable work for John Beary.

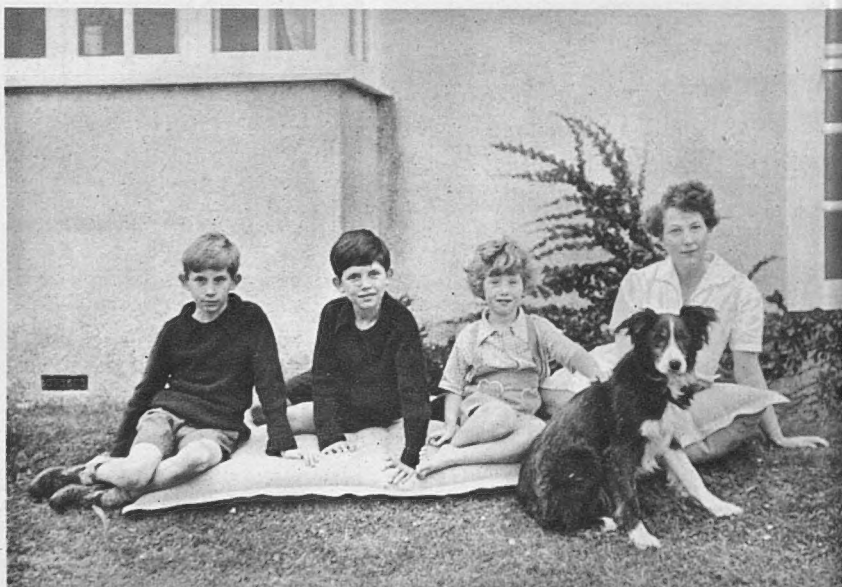
Apart from uniform, suits were the order of the day, and Mrs. Robin Filmer Wilson, who was with her tall husband, the Hon. Mrs. Henry Cecil, Mrs. David Dixon and Mrs. Bobbie Petre were among the wearers of lovely tweeds. Lady Sefton, who is so popular, was in navy



A. Rahm

On Holiday at Rock, in Cornwall

Miss Winn and Baroness Ravensdale were out walking on St. Enodoc Golf Course. Lady Ravensdale is chairman of the Aid to Greece Fund, and recently broadcast in aid of this cause, in which she is greatly interested



A. Rahm

During the holidays Viscountess Gage took her three children, John, Nicolas and Camilla, to stay at Rock. Lady Gage was the Hon. Imogen Grenfell, and is Lord Desborough's younger daughter, and a sister of the Hon. Lady Salmond



Johnson, Oxford

A Christening Party at Faringdon House, Berkshire

Victoria Gala, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Heber-Percy, was christened at Faringdon Church, and this picture was taken at Lord Berners' home afterwards. Above: Mr. Robert Heber-Percy, Miss Clarissa Churchill, Mrs. David Niven (godmother), Mrs. Heber-Percy and the baby, Lord Berners and Sir Michael Duff (godfather)

blue, and Mrs. Alan Palmer and Mrs. Oswald Bell wore black-and-white. Among the late arrivals were Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker-Bowles, who had been seen standing so far back in the queue at Waterloo that their friends thought they would be left behind. Others seen were Lady Fitzwilliam, talking to Mrs. Fane; the Hon. John Fox-Strangways, who is much less lame and had a very good day, although he did not manage to see either of the big races; Sir Roland and Lady Laurence; Brig.-Gen. "Slug" Bullock Marsham; Mrs. Penn Curzon-Howe with Mrs. Francesca Lamb; Major and Mrs. John Alexander; Mrs. Archie Black and her mother, Lady Victoria Villiers; Sir Hugo and Lady Cunliffe-Owen, whose Filator ran such a good race with 9 st. 9 lb. in the Cesarewitch (he looks a sure winner of the first Alexandra Stakes after the war); Colonel Croker, who was one of the lucky winners of the Tote Double and was surrounded by his admiring family, A.T.S. predominant; Lord Lovat, looking optimistic; Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, having a word with her father, Major Charlie Carlos-Clarke; Mr. Victor Oliver, whose

earnings even his distinguished father-in-law, Mr. Churchill, might envy; Miss Violet de Worms; Raymond Glendenning, the B.B.C. commentator, who is a great racing enthusiast; Lord Willoughby de Broke, in R.A.F. uniform; and Capt. and Mrs. Derek Wigan.

New Club

ONE of the most individual and charming of new clubs is Mrs. Newton Driver's for English-speaking officers. The premises are two large flats at 6, Tilney Street, just by the Dorchester, the furniture is from Mrs. Newton Driver's bombed house, and the club is really her home, in which she entertains a permanent house-party of changing young officers in a most home-like, intimate and soothing atmosphere, especially valuable to the victims of particularly desperate experiences and blindness, to whom priority is given. There are some bedrooms specially arranged for the greatest possible convenience of blinded officers.

Mrs. Newton Driver, who is, of course, well known for her many benevolent activities, including the Officers' Sunday Club, which she

started with Lady Townshend, originally opened the new club for bed-and-breakfast only. Now it has been opened in the evenings between six and eleven for food and drinks, this service in the capable hands of Mrs. Stanley Smith, with the Hon. Mrs. F. E. Smith as her deputy and second-in-command, and Lady Dufferin, Lady Renwick and Mrs. Carroll among those who help to dispense nourishment and a friendly atmosphere to all English-speaking officers who find their way to the club, whether they are resident there or not. Non-residents are also welcome on Sundays, when there is dancing from four until nine: they can bring their own partners or find one on the premises. The kindly hostess, who does some of the most special cooking herself—and the food is superb—is very popular with her guests. She has had some amusing experiences; on one occasion, when she was busy making jam in the kitchen late at night, she was discovered by two of the young men staying there. "Just like Mother," they exclaimed. They begged to be allowed to come in and watch. Permission was, of course, given, and quite a bit of expert "tasting" followed.

(Concluded on page 56)



Married in London

Lt. John Julian Riddick, R.A., eldest son of Col. and Mrs. J. G. Riddick, married Miss Cecilia Margaret Ruggles-Brise, younger daughter of the late Col. Sir Edward Ruggles-Brise, M.P., at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Col. A. S. Bellingham, recently invalided out of the Army, was with Mrs. Harold Boyd-Rochfort, sister-in-law of Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the well-known trainer



Lady Rathdonnell, a member of the W.R.N.S., and her husband, Lord Rathdonnell, were studying the catalogue with Mr. M. W. Conway (centre), manager of Naas Racecourse in Co. Kildare



Above is the Earl of Fingall with Mrs. McCall, a sister of Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort. She is in charge of the famous Tally Ho stud in Westmeath

Poole, Dublin

Bloodstock Fetched Big Prices at Ballsbridge Sales, Dublin

Hunting People in Wartime

No. 1. Sir Harold and Lady Nutting
Home Guard, Farming, Red Cross



Sir Harold and Lady Nutting at Quenby Hall, Leicestershire

On a recent visit to Leicestershire our photographer visited many well-known hunting people, and saw what they are doing for the war effort. He met Sir Harold Nutting, of Quenby Hall, and his wife, who is Divisional Vice-President of the Red Cross, President of the Leicestershire Y.M.C.A., besides being Commandant of the Red Cross Convalescent Hospital at Rolleston Hall, where these pictures were taken. Sir Harold, for ten years Master of the Quorn, relinquished the post in 1940, remaining a member of the Hunt Committee. He is Colonel of a Battalion of the Quorn Home Guard, and spends seven days a week working on his farms. Of the 2000 acres he owns, 75 per cent. are under the plough. Sir Harold and Lady Nutting have lost two of their three sons, killed in action, during the war



Physical training on the laien in front of the house is part of the day's programme for convalescents at Rolleston Hall



Lady Nutting has a chat with two of the patients at Rolleston Hall



A weaving lesson in progress. Nurse Marjorie Billings watches operations



A punt on the lake in Rolleston Park provides out-of-door amusement for both nurses and patients



A group of convalescent patients take the air on comfortable chairs in a sheltered corner of the garden



In her spare time Nurse Yolande Cox gives a lesson in tapestry-making



Miss Taplin is the Matron of Rolleston Hall Convalescent Hospital



Lady Nutting discusses hospital affairs with the Quartermaster and the Matron



These two patients show Nurse Daphne Sheldon the intricacies of making model aircraft



Spinning is another pastime at Rolleston. Nurse Maureen Wheeler examines the result

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

TO criticisms of the new khaki or near-khaki costume for little E.N.S.A. actresses proceeding overseas, the Director-General of E.N.S.A. has replied that it isn't a uniform but "a means of enabling the Service authorities to recognise them behind the lines." Otherwise when they got in brigadiers' hair they'd be mistaken for fireflies, we guess.

Contrariwise, any student of the wayward Left Press is aware that the rank and file must resent little actresses bitterly whatever they wear, because those fluffy sweethearts obviously interrupt the earnest studies of Democracy's problems which occupy all the British soldiery's spare time, apparently. It's a different Army from the lewd and frivolous one we knew.

"Well, sergeant-major?"

"Another complaint from B Company Uthwatt Report Study-Group, sir. Actresses making eyes at them."

"Tchah! Anything else?"

"A Company Beveridge Group can't concentrate, sir, same reason. Likewise D Company Applied Civics Planning Circle."

"Oh, my God. What kind of actresses, sergeant-major?"

"Mostly blonde, sir. Big eyes. Not serious types, sir."

"Not serious?"

"No economic background, sir. All sex, sir."

"Sergeant-major!"

Tastes change. If a dear little actress or two had come fluttering down those endless Somme roads in 1915, like tiny

wanton toothsome butterflies made of pink marzipan, we'd have eaten 'em.

Flop

IF, as a Swedish journalist avers, an attempt on Hitler's life was made round about Christmas, 1941, by "a small group of colonels and lieutenant-colonels" of the General Staff, those chaps must have been terrible amateurs. They should have studied the Rasputin affair, which was much more tricky.

Prince Youssouppoff has adequately described what took place in his house on the Moika, St. Petersburg, on the night of December 16, 1916; how the curse of Russia was lured there and given poisoned cakes and wine; how, after absorbing enough potassium cyanide to kill fifty, Rasputin merely became drowsy; how Youssouppoff finished him with a shot through the heart; and how, after lying apparently dead for a time, Rasputin terrifyingly came to life with superhuman verve and after a demoniac struggle escaped into the courtyard, where it took three shots more to kill him; after which Youssouppoff and his fellow-conspirators threw the body into the Neva, to be discovered under the ice shortly afterwards. (And even then the Grand Guignol-witchcraft business wasn't over. Rodzianko,



"Waiter, could I have a little less glass and a little more brandy?"

last President of the Duma, says in his Memoirs that Rasputin or his simulacrum was seen some time later in the house of a St. Petersburg spiritist, Prince Andronikoff.)

Footnote

THERE'S no occult stuff about Hitler, and his hypnotic powers are slight. Probably the colonels fluffed it owing to Prussian military etiquette. Damn you, Colonel, put that revolver down. Now, Colonel, you take it. One moment, Colonel—I am senior to you by six days. Damn you, sir, you may be, but look at your blasted regiment! Gentlemen! Gentlemen! . . . And meanwhile the Fuehrer has rung his bell.

Melody

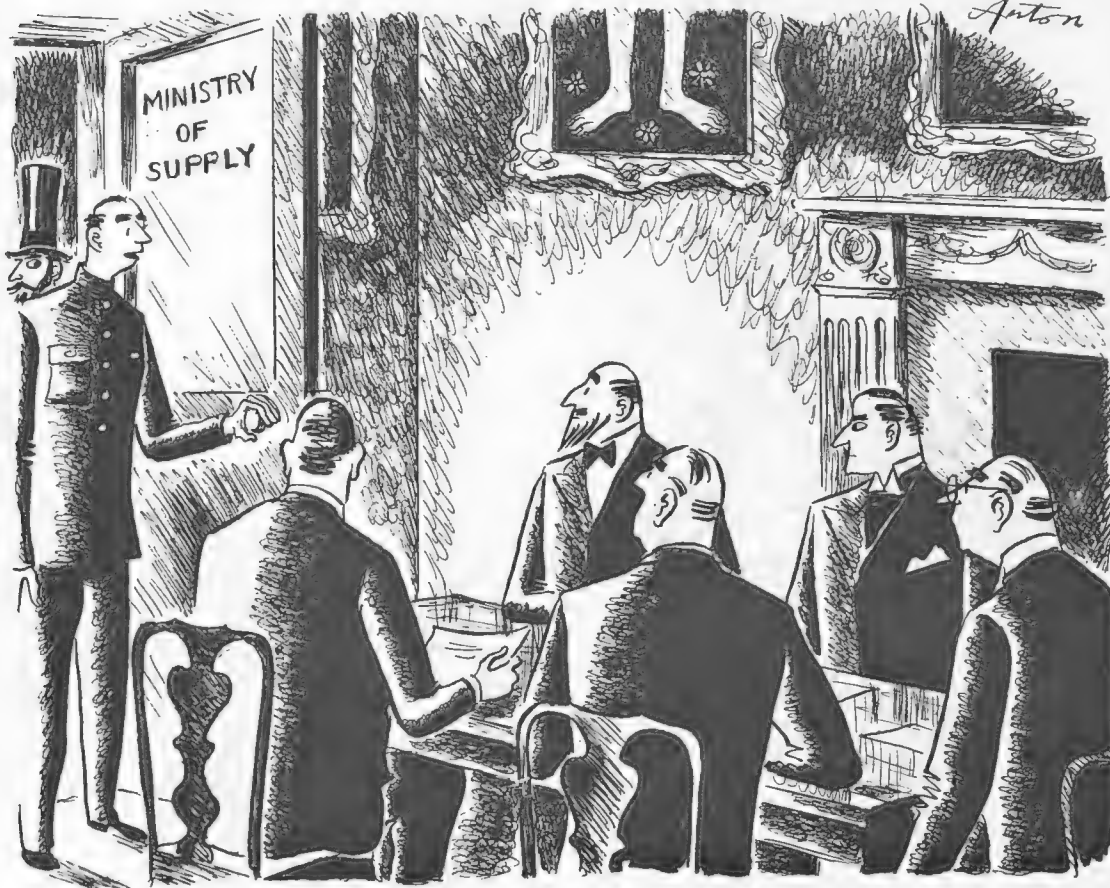
WE would politely suggest to the poetry-boys that there's an obvious epic, ode, sonnet, or epigram in that recent advertisement of an eminent firm of grand-pianoforte makers announcing that their New York branch recently built the world's largest glider. You'd never find a little worker like Tennyson missing a hot topical subject like that. He didn't sleep or drink so much, maybe, as poets do nowadays.

What baulks the boys, possibly, is that the only rhymes in English to pianoforte are haughty, naughty, warty, snorty, and forty, which might of course very aptly describe some big girl pianist but might make things awkward for the poet. As to the pianoforte's ancestors, there are rhymes, of sorts, to spinet and clavichord, but only one to virginals:

The Tudor and her frightful pals
They banged upon the virginals.

(And a vexing performance it must have been, when you recollect that the strings of the virginals were plucked by tiny quills, which gave out a faint irritating pizzicato.) Hence we perceive we are suggesting to the poetry boys what they most loathe, namely labour, so that epic of the grand-pianoforte-glider

(Concluded on page 46)



"Are you interested in dehydrated water for the Middle East?"

Two Receptions in London at Services Clubs

Mrs. Anthony Eden and Mrs. Littlejohn Cook (the Chairman and Founder) were joint hostesses at a reception held at the All-Services Canteen Club in Upper Grosvenor Street. The primary object of the reception was to enable officers of the Allied Nations to see for themselves the excellent facilities offered to their men at the Club. More of the party is on page 56



The Greek Ambassador, Mons. T. Agnides, found much of interest in the conversation of Baron de Cartier de Marchienne, Ambassador for Belgium

Left: Air Chief-Marshal Sir Charles Portal with Mrs. Littlejohn Cook, Col. W. T. Clement and Capt. T. L. Callan (U.S. Air Navy)



Mrs. Anthony Eden and Capt. A. I. Malstron, of the U.S. Navy, shared a good joke



Opening of the Nuffield Centre

The Nuffield Centre in Wardour Street is Lord Nuffield's latest gift. Although the official opening ceremony was performed only recently, the doors of the Centre have been open since September 1st, and an average of over ten thousand people a week have used the premises since then. More of the opening ceremony will be found on page 56



Mr. Ian Grant was with Mr. Hugh Beaumont, a member of the Centre's Entertainment Committee



Lt.-Gen. Sir Arthur Smith, G.O.C., London District, faced the camera with Air Vice-Marshal D. Harries



The Cabaret in progress shows Beatrice Lillie at the mike, with Vivien Leigh, Leslie Henson, Dorothy Dickson, Cyril Ritchard and Jean de Casalis an effective backcloth



Photographs by Swaebe

Right: Lord Nuffield took Lady Nuffield to the opening ceremony. Major Ward J. Walker is on Lady Nuffield's right, and Mrs. de Paula on Lord Nuffield's left

Standing By ...

(Continued)

will never be written, we guess. Too, too bad.

Sadismus

REVIEWING the turning-points of the war, somebody remarked incidentally on the calm of the citizens of Alexandria when Rommel was at the gates of Egypt.

He was quite right, a military chap tells us who was there. And nobody was less panicky in Alexandria than some of the fancy-goods merchants of that city, who awaited the decisions of Fortune with stoic placidity and a large and varied assortment of swastika buttonholes ready in the back room. It's difficult for anyone who has ever been dragged by the heels in infancy through the Greek language to love the Alexandrians, who invented those tomfool accents on Greek letters which drive the young crazy, but one must hand it to them for business foresight.

Why the Alexandrians thus deliberately earned execration of every succeeding generation of youth all the world over is not known. Our guess is that some elderly Alexandrian grammarian with what the French call *une vraie bobine de cocu* did it out of spite on finding that his girlfriend from the Palais de Danse had flown the coop with a dashing Levantine stockbroker. Oxford dons in the same situation bring out venomous new annotated editions of Shakespeare, Cambridge dons vent their

senile rage on the world with textbooks on trigonometry. That don of Alexandria had them all skinned for all-time sadistic vengeance, and probably took a 50/50 rakeoff from every publisher in Europe to boot.

Moo

THIS week's news-item from Arcadia is about another Jersey cow with an inferiority-complex, like the one whose case the London Individual Psychology Summer School examined so earnestly some time ago. Treatment of this cow's neurosis has turned her into a good milker, like the other one, but has it dealt with certain other inhibitions common to cows? We wonder.

Our notes on the former case, read before a meeting of Harley Street psychiatrists, may interest you:

1. Many cows are maladjusted introverts with a dread that if they wrote a novel it wouldn't be the Book of the Month. This is absurd.

2. Cows with this trauma dream that they are being chased down a long red-flannel tunnel by Faber and Faber (the Flannel Tunnel Fixation, common to South Coast cows). The psychoanalyst's task is to break down this fixation by reciting to the

cow current publishing-lists.

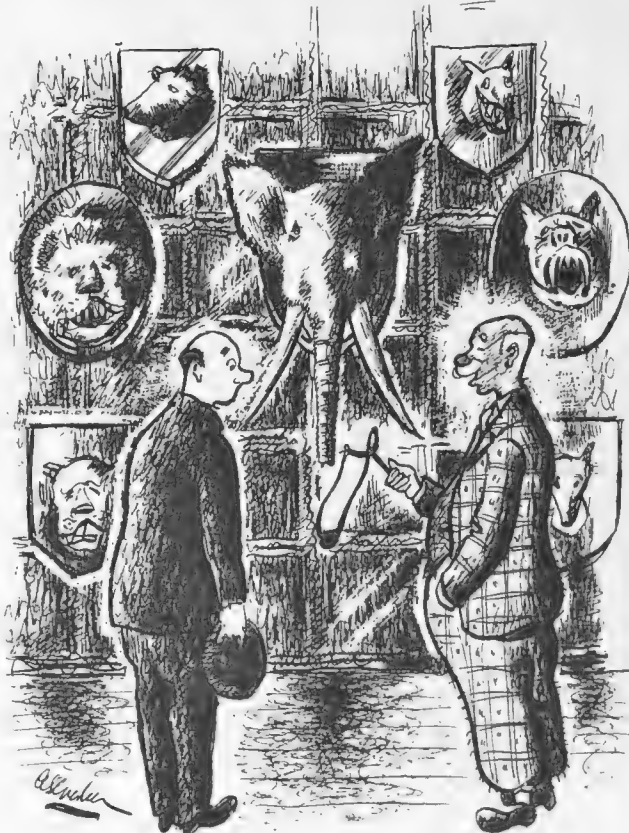
3. On hearing a few best-selling titles, with the authors' names, the cow will begin to laugh, at first softly, afterwards with mad hysteria. On the conclusion of the treatment, it will give up all dreams of literary fame and return to the agricultural life refreshed, with a world of conjecture in its big soft eyes.

These notes so impressed the Harley Street boys that one of them impulsively offered to hand over to us a rich woman on his list with a frightful subconscious, saying "Boy, this hag's a goldmine." We shuddered and turned the offer down.

Purdah

WHILE some of the Parliamentary Glamour Girls continue to emit dreary squeaks about "equality" for women, Clubland is considering tightening up some of its purdah rules, our spies report.

In West End clubs which have a Ladies' Annexe, Zenana, or purdah, the women are generally kept behind tall gilt grilles. Their life is monotonous but not hard. They are fed on rice, chicken, and sweetmeats and can receive presents, and if they want amusement one of the eunuchs or janisaries on duty will always wind up the gramophone, or



"Of course, I've changed the elastic once or twice since . . ."

they can sing little wailing songs to the lute or dulcimer, such as:

Women, I am fair as a pomegranate and lovely as the dawn,

Hai!

A bishop [or a colonel in the War Office] wedded me for love, but he is far away and I am forgotten;

Hai! Yai!

The moon is full but where are the jackals?

Under the projected new rules the women must not look out into the street, rolling great burning kohl-darkened eyes at the passer-by, they must not sing, and if not claimed within six months they will be sold by public auction at Tattersall's.

Parcel

EVERY time a left-luggage-office attendant at one of the big London termini sees a citizen approaching with a large box or trunk, he knows there's probably a body in it. This interesting fact was not mentioned, however, by a chap recently describing the "romance" of the London termini.

The curious thing (to us) is that although the Race regularly disposes of bodies in this way, no remarks are ever made at the time. True, there is generally a fuming queue, and the attendant could hardly hold it up to exchange a few cracks with the citizen concerned. They'd be surly ones at that, most likely.

"Cor, what a weight. Who is it this time—yer aunt?"

"You mind your own business."

"Bodies, bodies, bodies. Can't yer take it somewhere else?"

"You gimme my ticket."

"Cor, you make me tired."

In due course Scotland Yard arrives, the attendant jerks his thumb at the shelf, the trunk is removed, and the search for the citizen begins. Generally he gives the police a run, for form's sake. There are probably rules about it, as in cricket.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Wal, I guess so long as you can kinda find your way around between Grosvenor Square, the Ritz, the Four Hundred and some of our apartments, you'll be a real asset to us, Miss Redwood"



Francoise Rosay exchanges ideas off the set with Cavalcanti, associate producer of "The Half-way House"

Francoise Rosay in England

French Actress of "Carnet de Bal"

Fame Starts Work with Michael Balcon



Esmond Knight is beginning to get his eyesight back—he was blinded, you remember, in the Royal Naval action against the Bismarck. He uses his hands to emphasise the point of his story

Francoise Rosay will always be remembered in this country for her exquisite performance in *Carnet de Bal*. Since those days, her life has been an adventurous one. She escaped from Paris the day before the Germans marched in; she continued her work in "Less Occupied France" until finally she was forced by the Vichy Government to leave the country altogether; she went to Switzerland, then to Tunis, and was there when Allied troops took possession. Now she is in England busy on her first film in this country, *The Half-way House*, which Basil Dearden is directing with Cavalcanti as associate producer. In the film Francoise Rosay will have the support of at least four well-known British artists—Esmond Knight, Alfred Drayton, Tom Walls and Glynis Johns

Photographs by Pictorial Press



With Director Basil Dearden, Mme. Rosay Goes Through Her Lines



One of the film's most dramatic moments is the séance scene. On Mme. Rosay's right is Guy Middleton, on her left, Richard Bird. Back to camera is Alfred Drayton



The Sherwood sisters, Eileen and Ruth (Sally Gray and Coral Browne)

"My Sister Eileen"

Firth Shephard's Production
of a Crazy American Comedy
at the Savoy Theatre

● For relaxation and a brief reprieve from the worries of the everyday world, there is *My Sister Eileen* at the Savoy Theatre. It is just a crazy, lighthearted American comedy to be enjoyed, laughed at—and forgotten. Produced by Marcel Varnel, it achieves much of the slickness of an American production. The adventures of the two sisters Sherwood in their quest for fame and fortune, the devastating effect of sister Eileen on the male population of Greenwich Village, the ultimate success of the more worthy but less exciting Ruth, provide material for such hilarity as has rarely shaken the stolid sides of London audiences in wartime



Visitors are many and varied in the Sherwood home is Violet Shelton, the former tenant. (Virginia W. Bacon as Mr. Appopolous, the Sherwoods' landlord,



A Diplomatic Situation is Nar



There is disappointment and outraged surprise for the druggist's assistant, Frank Lippincott, when his amorous suggestions are turned down flat by Eileen (Sally Gray, Graeme Muir)



The Sherwoods' upstairs neighbours are Helen Wade (Elizabeth Hunt) and The Wreck (Charles Farrell), who are waiting for the opening of the football season before they can get married

Ass
wool
men



one of the least popular
as Violet Shelton, Max
Coral Browne as Ruth)



Eileen is a blonde bombshell where the boys are concerned.
Here she is with one of her many admirers, this time Chic
Clark, a newspaper reporter (Sally Gray, Harry Ross)



Even the landlord, more shrewd than he looks, falls for Eileen, but
he goes too far when he interrupts a telephone conversation which
might have led to a job for Ruth (Max Bacon, Sally Gray)



ly Averted When the Brazilian Navy Meet Eileen



d by their landlord that the blasting of the new subway is to cease, the Sher-
sign a new lease, only to find that drilling—with dire results—has com-
(Ian Fleming as the Sherwoods' father, Jack Vyryan as the Workman)



Photographs by
John Vickers

Hobos and drunks frequent the neighbourhood where the Sherwood girls live.
They find The Wreck indispensable as Chucker-out of over-enthusiastic
admirers. (Sally Gray, Harry Ross, Charles Farrell, Coral Browne)



Katherine and her mother discuss a gardening problem

At Powderham Castle

The Countess of Devon with
Her Son and Daughter

The Earl and Countess of Devon were married in 1939. Lady Devon is a daughter of Capt. John Vickris Taylor, of North Aston Manor, Oxford, and was formerly the wife of the sixth Earl of Cottenham. Her daughter, Lady Katherine Courtenay, is three, and her son, Lord Courtenay, was born last year. Lord Devon is a Captain in the Coldstream Guards, and has been mentioned in despatches. Besides Powderham Castle, near Exeter, where these pictures were taken, he owns Walreddon Manor, Tavistock



Lady Devon and her children by the sundial in the garden at Powderham. The river Exe can be seen beyond the terrace

Photographs by Jerome Dessain



Timothy, the tortoise, accepts a dandelion from Katherine



What's in the box? Hugh Courtenay seems amused



Katherine is careful that the watering-can doesn't "boil over"

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

The Marquess of Douro

IT has been said, and it is quite possible, that of all the titles and honours showered upon the Iron Duke, he valued Douro the most, perhaps because he knew, and the gentlemen with the little flags did not, that it was a gem of an action, one for which it is not too much to claim that it was very largely decisive of the whole campaign in Portugal. We now have to deplore the death of the sixth Duke (in action), who also inherited all the honours and titles of his great forebear. Even Smith Minor—incidentally, a keen military student in these days—will quite easily understand the battle plan of the crossing of the Douro. It was what is nowadays called a pincers operation. Big and unfordable river in front of a big town (Oporto,

infantry battalions and cut them up into bootlaces.

And Yet . . .

THE gentlemen with the little flags, quite as plentiful then as they are to-day, blamed Sir Arthur for not pursuing quicker than he did with his tired and footsore troops, just off an 80-mile march, and they blamed Murray for not having halted the thick end of a whole army with one weak brigade of infantry and a cavalry regiment which was not at full battle strength. We have had something very similar to this criticism quite recently from the "Little Flaggers." This sort of thing always makes me think of the fussy owner in the grandstand and the intrepid jockey in the saddle. The owner says, after the jockey has won cleverly by a head: "If I'd been you I'd have done so-and-so, and you'd have won comfortably." And the jockey, knowing that he had done the right thing, has retorted: "Yes, if you'd been where I was, you'd have done damn-all, for you'd have fallen off from fright." I know that this was actually said upon one occasion. This is why I think the Iron Duke was proudest of his Douro title. He had caught Soult on the wrong leg, just as a warrior, affectionately known as "Monty," caught Rommel at the decisive battle of Alamein, and he was justly proud of it. The 14th Hussars, incidentally, are called the "Chambermaids" because much later in the Peninsular campaign they deprived Joseph Bonaparte, the ersatz King of Spain, of a most useful article of his field equipment. Ever since then this thing, which is in silver, has formed a treasured item of the 14th Hussars' mess plate. They call it "The Emperor."

The Autumn Handicaps

IT is probable that, like myself, some people did not manage to work up much enthusiasm over the Autumn Handicaps, not even over the three Cesarewitches—if, indeed, that is the right plural in Russian—because, although we all applaud the Stewards' endeavour to give the



Schoolboy Harvesters

Prince Tomislav and Prince Andrew, brothers of King Peter of Yugoslavia, were amongst thousands of schoolboys who gave up part of their summer holidays to help get in the harvest

long-distance horse more encouragement, the results of this policy obviously cannot manifest themselves for some time to come. The uncomfortable fact is that at the moment we have hardly enough real stayers to count upon the fingers of one hand, and amongst this select few one of the best is a gelding, and therefore no use in the furtherance of the well-intentioned scheme of the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Besides Filator, the recent conqueror of Smithereens over 2½ miles, giving him 13 lb., we have Ujiji, the Gold Cup winner, who came in alone; the honest horse with a dishonest name, Germanicus, and what else? Bright Lady, a five-year-old mare, winner of this recent Cesarewitch at Ascot, getting 1 st. 8 lb. from Filator, who was third, Historic, a four-year-old of just moderate pretensions, intervening. And this almost brings us to a full-stop, Bravona, The Towkay, etc., notwithstanding. It is to the future, and to that alone, that we must look, hoping that the forward policy of the Jockey Club will work the necessary magic and give us future generations of animals with that stamina which is the rock-bottom foundation of a breed of champions. I confess to a very lukewarm interest in the short-distance horse, and I suggest that to call a 14-mile race the

(Concluded on page 52)



Unarmed Combatants

Voluntary physical training and unarmed combat classes for all ranks are held at R.A.F. headquarters in the Middle East. Here, an R.A.F. corporal gets a half-Nelson on Air Vice-Marshal E. B. C. Betts



Golf Champion's Baby

S/Ldr. and Mrs. J. J. E. Pennink's baby son was recently christened at St. Peter's, Fordcombe, near Tunbridge Wells. S/Ldr. Pennink was the English Amateur Golf Champion in 1937, and his wife was Miss Nancy Stuart



D. R. Stuart

Athletes in Uniform

Karen Tyrell, W.R.N.S., a meteorological expert, and former Cambridge University lawn tennis player, was selling programmes for a naval charity when Lt. Peter Halford, R.N.V.R., ice hockey international, was playing cricket for the same cause

whence came a now almost obsolete drink), strongly held by a gentleman named Soult: Sir Arthur Wellesley meant to chuck him out of it if he could, likewise destroy him, but as he could not wade or even swim across the river, he needed boats; so he sent a weak brigade under a General Murray about a couple of miles upstream and told him to find all the boats he could, but to get across anyway, and send any boats he might not need down-river to him and a General named Sherbrooke, who was commanding the Guards Brigade, which was part of the main body. Murray did his job to rights, and Arthur Wellesley, who got some other boats sent over to him by the Portuguese, who were thoroughly tired of the French, crossed with the main body. Sir Arthur then created a devil of a din with his guns, which were most excellently sited; Murray got across with the Buffs, Northampton and Berkshires, plus his one cavalry regiment, the 14th Hussars, the famous "Chambermaids"; Sherbrooke went across with the Guards; Soult got the wind up, and was off like a scalded cat; he was badly mauled by Murray's flank attack and left all his stores, wounded and fifty guns behind him. The 14th went through three French



The Wasps Rugby XV Beat the Old Blues in Their First Game

The Wasps team, seen above, in their first game of the 1943 season, beat the Old Blues by 43 points to 6. In front: J. G. Doubleday, S. Liddell. Sitting: J. R. McClure, A. C. Clarry, Neville Compton (Captain), J. B. Bland, E. H. S. Tarbart. Standing: Major Howard-Jones, J. Parsons, A. Grimshaw, D. M. Bell, A. D. Thomson, A. L. W. Hayward, V. Malenpire, C. R. Lee, W. E. Holland (Referee)



D. R. Stuart

The Old Blues team is composed of Old Boys from Christ's Hospital, and this is their seventieth Rugger season. In front: M. H. Rogers, W. D. A. Gibbs. Sitting: C. S. Farnes, R. A. Jones (Hon. Secretary), G. H. Ross-Goobey (Captain), Major G. H. T. Shrimpton, — Neeling, Lt. A. H. Mortimer. Standing: J. A. Gilmour, D. P. Wilcock, W. H. Hill, D. J. Smith, Capt. R. D. M. Bell, P. J. R. Nichols, P. E. Sroeggs

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

Champion Stakes is a terminological inexactitude. This has just recently been made painfully obvious, for Nasrullah is no "champion"! A champion ought to be a steed who can fight a long fight and win. There is no more room for a Hitler or a Mussolini on the turf than there is in the realm in which these two fustian heroes perform.

The Late Mr. Roper Barrett

A CORRESPONDENT who knew him well, which I did not, being so unlucky as never to have had the honour of encountering the famous figure in the lawn-tennis world, has kindly sent me from a remote spot a letter which contains all the facts which have been published in the Press, but also some which have not. The writer rather demurs to what he thinks was a suggestion of "frumpishness," the statement in some gossip paragraph that Roper Barrett, who was an eminent solicitor, was wont to arrive at Wimbledon in a top hat and a frock coat. But that is nothing, for I knew a chap (Jimmy Finch) who went off to the last war in a top hat just for a lark! Roper Barrett, so my correspondent says, was the antithesis of the fusty person the stage is so fond of presenting to us when it wants a solicitor: "He stood for all that is best and manliest in the game; he detested the effeminate and had no use at all for the German Von Kramm." Roper Barrett, he says, was a charming personality, and had forgotten more about the game he made his own than some people ever knew. I am sure that his loss is almost irreparable.

Humane Killing

MAJOR C. VAN DER BYL, the founder of The Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign, is making yet another appeal for the humane slaughtering of animals, particularly sheep, and he writes me—

I do not think the public are aware that well over a million sheep are being cruelly killed with a knife every year; because about 20 per cent. of our Local Authorities have not yet contracted into the Slaughter of Animals Act for sheep. They should be urged to do so now, as it is so easy to have these poor creatures killed instantly and without suffering pain.

Major Van der Byl has also good advice to offer about the killing of poultry which is often done inexpertly with a knife, causing needless suffering. Here is what he says—

Ducks ("killed" with a knife) have been seen hung up and still alive three hours after their throats had been cut. The proper way to kill both chickens and ducks is to wring their necks.



"Mixed Bag on the Heath": by "The Tout"

Mr. Kouyoumdjian purchased Gustator from Lord Carnarvon a couple of months or so ago, and this smart colt, formerly trained by Fred Darling at Beckhampton, is now with "Steve" at Blewbury. Major R. N. Macdonald-Buchanan is a member of the Jockey Club, and in normal times a Steward at Hurst Park and other meetings. His wife, the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan (Lord Woolavington's daughter), won the Derby a couple of years ago with Owen Tudor, and had just purchased Egerton House, Newmarket, from Lord Harewood. Capt. the Hon. Charles and Mrs. Wood live near Newmarket. Before her marriage Mrs. Charles Wood was Miss Ruth Primrose, and her husband is Lord Halifax's son. Mrs. Wood has horses in training with Walter Earl at Stanley House, one of them being Peace Offering, who, as the form book relates, has not won a race since 1941. Let's hope he'll atone before the season ends, but he'll have to hurry!



River Crossing—According to Plan

By Wing-Commander E. G. Oakley Beuttler

River crossing (in silence and good order) is an operation practised by all Army units, large or small. This one, fraught with more than the usual incidents, is being performed by a battalion of a famous regiment north of the Tweed, noted not only for its fighting qualities, but for the magnificent physique of the Colonel and the diminutiveness of the Adjutant. Theoretically, it is all quite simple—a safety rope runs across the river to comfort and support those unfortunates whose folding canvas boats (nine men and four to six canoe paddles to a boat) may capsize. In practice, a variety of troubles can ensue when the stream runs fast; boats fold up, horses on tow decline to be launched, towed or tugged, and debris of various kinds disfigure the face of the waters

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Two Englands or One?

WHEN Disraeli spoke of England being two nations he might have referred, not to the rich and the poor, but to Rural Britain and Industrial Britain. The relationship between these two aspects of Britain's socio-economic life has been characterised by a wide divergence of interests. . . . So speaks Professor N. Gangulee, developing the main theme of his introductory chapter to *The Battle of the Land* (Lindsay Drummond; 6s.). The book is more than an account of Britain's war effort in an important field; it is an expression of faith in a way of life. War, waged with the thoroughness that we know to-day, has driven the country to develop resources that had been overlooked, or that were being neglected in favour of other claims: it has been, for Britain, a case of produce or starve. This has brought about, for thousands of Britishers, a virtual re-discovery of the land.

Recently, reading a book about England, written for the American public, I came across a statement I could not fairly challenge, but which was, at the same time, disturbing. The author said that, while the English like to indulge themselves in the daydream of being country-dwellers and country-lovers, they have become, in fact, an urbanised—or at least a suburbanised—race. The country between the rapidly spreading towns did not amount, he said, to much more than agreeable scenery, in which farming was backward, dilatory and amateurish, and from which progressive life was ebbing away. The majority of the English, he went on, enjoy or sentimentalise over their countryside, without coming to grips with its realities. The "coloured counties" unwind themselves charmingly, but without practical meaning, before the touring motorist, or, more slowly, before the high-minded hiker—who, in some cases, leaves behind him a trail of open gates. The proprietor of the week-end cottage—of the jade-green front door and the apple-trees as pretty as those you see on a Christmas-card—forms no local ties. More permanent English country life, of the kind admired abroad, is a luxury for the well-to-do. In less fortunate classes, the young people, seeing no local future, are showing a steady drift to the towns.

The England of that disconcerting picture was, of course, the England of pre-1939. As against this, Professor Gangulee believes firmly that the English, from what he has seen of them, are not town-dwellers, or suburb-dwellers, by temperament, and that a good deal of the malaise of the inter-war years came from the greater part of the nation's trying to live in an element that did not really suit it. Spiritual and psychological inanition had, he believes, begun to set in, in consequence.

Back to the Land

THEREFORE, *The Battle of the Land* describes not only this country's magnificent wartime stand against

an enemy trying to starve her out, but a social movement that should carry on into peacetime, a re-distribution of energies and of interests which may, it is hoped, be permanent. Professor Gangulee sees no reason why the breach between industrial and agricultural Britain should not close, or why the conflict of interests between the two—from which the country, rather than town, has suffered—should not be adjusted. Agriculture, he urges, should have an equal footing with industry—in fact, it could well be recognised as an industry. With this should come to the country places amenities, opportunities of good living—by whose absence so many people were being driven away. There would then be offered, to the young generation, a satisfying alternative mode of life.

This theory, which seems a sound one, is not more than implicit in *The Battle of the Land*—which is, in the main, a succinct account of Britain's agricultural front from 1939 up to the present day.

Even in wartime [the author says] there has appeared a large number of articles, pamphlets and books dealing with various aspects of farming industry in Britain. The only justification for adding to this output is that in this book I have attempted to give a popular account of what is being actually done, rather than suggesting what ought to be done for increasing the efficiency of British Agriculture to the utmost limit.

The book is divided into three parts—"The Campaign for Food Production," "The Land Army," "The Food Front." Charts convey



A Bronze for Edinburgh

This bronze bust of Mr. Winston Churchill, by his cousin, Mrs. Clare Sheridan, is to be presented to Edinburgh by Lord Bruntisfield, whose family has historic connections with the city. Mrs. Sheridan is a noted sculptress, writer and traveller

statistics in a digestible form, and there is a central section of photographs. The extension of arable farming, farm-to-farm surveys, the mechanisation of farming, land reclamation and drainage, the maintaining of the fertility of the farm, and the contribution of small-holdings and allotments to food production, are dealt with in the first part, questions of housing and wages for agricultural workers, together with the development of the Women's Land Army,

in the second, and the raising and distribution of products in the third. *The Battle of the Land*—which, given its content, is surprisingly short, and never makes heavy reading—should, I think, commend itself equally to the more or less ignorant and to the well-informed reader. The author was formerly Professor of Agriculture and Rural Economics in the University of Calcutta; also Research Scholar at Rothamsted Experimental Station. With his own country and her farming problems in mind, he is in the position to write of ours, as it were, comparatively—which adds to this book's interest. Personal touches are few, but he speaks of his first surprise at seeing a plough drawn by horses instead of oxen.

Nightmare Wonderland

IF Lewis Carroll's *Wonderland* was a dream, the forest, peopled by monstrous prophetic cranks, through which C. E. M. Joad's *Young Soldier* wanders, is a nightmare. *The Adventures of the Young Soldier in Search of the Better World* (Faber and Faber; 6s.) is, as you might expect from Professor Joad, a stimulating, upsetting, audacious book. The *Young Soldier*—product of a public school and Oxford, now doing well in the Army, healthy,

(Concluded on page 56)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

I KNOW a man who fulfils the tragedy of falling between two stools. Since the age of fifteen, he has fought his way upward without money, without influence, just his own dogged determination to succeed. He did succeed at last and was well on the way to consolidating his position when war broke out. He helped in the fight of the Battle of Bristol and then joined the R.A.F. Now, during the last eight months he has been the inmate of a war hospital with an injury to his right eye which, after several operations, has resulted in its complete loss. Consequently, since his job in civil life demanded the keenest eyesight, he is to all practical purposes where he started from at the age of fifteen. Worse, indeed, for he is just a little too old easily to begin all over again; especially to begin all over again with a severe handicap.

Yet such is spiritual resilience in the face of disaster, he is always cheerful, always full of an impish humour considerably younger than his years; those suffering from greater affliction turn to him for nearly all the easy laughter of their daily lives. All the same, knowing him as I do, I realise that his gaiety is merely a kind of self-defence against reality; that deep down in his heart he is sorely troubled and afraid.

Nevertheless, the strangest side to the story is that those more afflicted than he is very nearly dislike him for his slightly better fortune! Were he worse off than they are themselves, they would love and admire him; but as he isn't, their criticism

of him behind his back is strongly tinged by malice. Indeed, although they will

miss him when he goes, they will rejoice at his departure.

People are not really interested in better fortune. Only toward greater misfortune do they show their sympathy or what they possess of understanding. A stroke of good luck will bring forth a host of congratulations but very little genuine joy. By this test alone we know our true friends, and equally, by the same test, those who only find our friendship convenient. There is a mighty difference in this, though we may never know it until we are lucky enough to find success. Indeed, the widow who sought to make her friends rejoice in the fact that she had recovered her lost mite would have found a much smaller effort was required if she had never found it at all.

Somehow or other there is a kind of subtle self-congratulation in uttering "Poor thing!" which there never is in crying "Lucky dog!" Thus we are told to count our blessings when we feel that at the moment we have no blessings to count, and to find inspiring comfort in the contemplation of a lot superficially, at least, more grim and hopeless than our own. Such a state of mind is supposed to heal our spiritual wounds, though, in reality, it heals them only through our vanity. We are better off than they! Thus, I often think, vanity and envy, when traced to their deeper sources, show the roots from which all the baser fruits of human conduct grow and flourish—though the fruit itself may look like peaches at the time.

**Littledale — Giffard**

Sub-Lt. Alistair John Littledale, R.N., son of the late Cdr. B. J. Littledale and Mrs. Littledale, of The Glen, Shepperton, married Rohays de Longueville Giffard, daughter of Major and Mrs. W. L. Giffard, of The Bursary, Epsom College, Surrey, at Epsom Parish Church

**Perkins — Pendlebury**

Major Eneas Perkins, R.E., son of the late Col. A. F. O. Perkins, R.E., and Ursula Pendlebury were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. She is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Pendlebury, of Assam, India

**Chance — Whitehead**

Capt. Neville F. Chance, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, youngest son of the late Sir Arthur and Lady Chance, of Dublin, married Marguerite K. Whitehead, daughter of the late L. D. Whitehead, Mrs. Whitehead, O.B.E., of Goytre Hall, Abergavenny, at Brompton Oratory

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings

**Berry — Chignell**

F/Lt. Robert M. Berry, R.A.F., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Berry, of 12, Southam Road, Hall Green, Birmingham, married Juanita Chignell, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Chignell, of Russet Tower, Hampton Lane, Solihull, Warwickshire

**Harmar — Bennett**

Capt. Vincent D'Oyley Harmar, R.A., second son of Col. and Mrs. C. D'O. Harmar, of Barrow Lodge, Bury St. Edmunds, married Hilary Montagu Bennett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. de Courcy Bennett, of The Bustard, Shrewsbury, Wilts., at the King's Chapel of the Savoy



Ward, Sutton

Yates — Owen

Capt. John Wallace Yates, R.A., only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Yates, of Woodhatch, Reigate, Surrey, married Cynthia Dorothy Owen, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Owen, of Higher Drive, Banstead, Surrey, at All Saints', Banstead

**Parker — Parry**

Capt. Robert Neville Parker, The Dogra Regiment, son of Capt. and Mrs. F. Neville Parker, of Wembley Park, Middlesex, married Felicity Jenfreson Parry, daughter of Major H. M. Parry, and the late Mrs. Parry, of Chester, at Peshawar, India

**Jockelson — Marsden**

Capt. J. J. Jockelson, K.S.L.I., elder surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Jockelson, of Hove, Sussex, and Annette Marsden, daughter of Capt. and Mrs. C. Marsden, of Knutsford, Cheshire, were married at St. Ann's, Manchester

**Wallace-Hadrill — Irving**

Capt. John Michael Wallace-Hadrill, Intelligence Corps, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Wallace-Hadrill, of Gordon House, Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, married Ethel Grahame Irving, daughter of the late C. G. Irving and Mrs. Irving, of Sandford Lawn, Cheltenham, at Cheltenham College Chapel

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 41)

Helping Russia

OVER £2,000 was raised in less than ten minutes during the interval of *Dancing Years*, specially performed by Mr. Ivor Novello and his company to help Mrs. Churchill's "Aid to Russia" Fund. Much of the success of the evening must be attributed to Colonel J. Trevor, who, with Mrs. Trevor on the stage to help him, brilliantly handled the high-speed auction with such wonderful results. Since during the past forty years he has raised a sum approaching a million and a quarter for charity, it was not altogether surprising that within a few moments of taking command of the platform he had the whole audience sitting up under the crack of his whip and valiantly seeking to out-bid each other. Mrs. Churchill, who sat with Lord Iliffe, spoke convincingly and sincerely of the ideals and objects of the Fund; Lord Iliffe gave his support by bidding twenty guineas for a box of cigars; Lily Elsie, so charmingly referred to in the show itself, gave twenty guineas for two bottles of vodka; another twenty was contributed for a pair of nylon stockings; still another for a magnum of port, and so on and so on. High-light of the evening was the album of signatures presented by Lady Lyons, which raised over 500 guineas.

All Services Canteen Club

ANOTHER of Mrs. Anthony Eden and Mrs. Littlejohn Cook's brilliant parties brought officers of all the Allied nations into touch not only with each other, but also with the atmosphere of welcome and good cheer which their men never fail to find awaiting them at 12, Upper Grosvenor Street. Samples of Mrs. Littlejohn Cook's most expert cooking—which the men who feed there are lucky enough to get at nominal charge every day—were handed round. They were so popular that the majority had disappeared before late-comers arrived. Among the many there were Mr. Anthony Eden, Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lord and Lady Milne, Lord Iliffe, Sir Charles and Lady Portal, Admiral and Lady Tottenham, Lady Waddilove, General Sir Alan Brooke, Mr. Brendan Bracken, the High Commissioner for South Africa and Mrs. Reitz, Mrs. Winant, Admiral Stark, Major-Gen. John Lee, Major-Gen. J. K. Crane, Baron de Cartier, Colonel Lombard, Colonel Metz, Colonel and Mrs. Tang, Mr. Dorsay Fisher, of the U.S. Embassy, and representatives of all the Allied Governments and forces at present in this country. (Pictures on page 45.)

Nuffield Centre

LORD NUFFIELD has added yet another to the long list of wonderful gifts presented by him to the nation. It is the Nuffield Centre in Wardour Street, where Colonel D. H. Powell, M.C., the Comptroller, plans to give men of the Forces who have been living under rather rough and often trying conditions a really comfortable and bright club in London. Cinema shows will be given on Mondays, and there will be dancing every other night. The opening ceremony was officially performed by Lord Nuffield, accompanied by Lady Nuffield, a short time ago. Among those there were Sir William Goodenough; General Sir Charles and Lady Bonham-Carter (Sir Charles is Chairman of the Centre); Vice-Admiral Sir William Whitworth, the Second Sea Lord and one of the committee; Lt.-Gen. Sir Geoffrey Howard; Lt.-Gen. Sir Arthur Smith, and many others, equally distinguished, but too numerous to name individually. (Pictures on page 45.)



A Hospital for Children

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Reckitt have given over their house, Brantingham Thorpe, on the banks of the Humber, to the Royal Victoria Hospital, Hull, for use as a country hospital for children. This picture shows Mr. and Mrs. Reckitt with Miss S. Law, the Matron, and Sister E. Barrass, at the front door of Brantingham Thorpe

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 54)

downright, no sentimentalist and by no means a fool—is troubled about the future, in his own mind. What is this Better World he is told he is fighting for—or rather, what is the Better World to be? Can anyone tell him? He does not know himself, and, up to now, when he has asked questions, he has been ticked off for trying to be too smart.

So he sets off for a walk, all by himself, through what begins by being the New Forest. Here, for a start, he encounters first Captain Percy Nick, that disillusioned old hand of the last war—the devil's advocate, if not the devil himself. Then he comes on a Statesman, booming out platitudes till he is transformed into a loud-speaker. The diplomat, Mr. Escapagoat, and his opposite number, the Rev. Mr. Hateman, are next come on, shrieking destruction as they whirl round in a gale on twin weather-vanes. Amiable and, so far as he goes, right-minded Mr. Transporthouse lets out his two cultured puppets, Mr. Ema and Miss Ame do their stuff—with which one can pick no quarrel—for the benefit of the intent Young Soldier. But, from off-stage, satiric laughter is heard from the Ultra-red Robot and the repellent Red-tape Worm (spawned by the Civil Service), who are, afterwards, met. The Red-tape Worm's plans for a Brave New World—illustrated by a ballet-opera of dope-religionists—raise the Young Soldier's temper, not to speak of his hair. Mr. Heardhux—only perceptible as a Cheshire-cat-like mouth among the leaves of a tree, advocates withdrawal from the whole blighted scene. A strolling Philosopher, not unlike Joad himself, enjoys the last word, which seems to be only fair.

Here is much current nonsense debunked. The effect is salutary. Each monster-speaker parodies—though not to an unfair degree—the point of view that he represents. The entertainment value, needless to say, is high. Mervyn Peake's illustrations have more than a touch of genius, no other draughtsman approaches him in this particular field. The drawings, in fact, deserve a review to themselves—but I do not know how to begin to review drawings. I detect one slight disagreement between illustrator and author as to the matter of the Red-tape Worm's hands, elsewhere these two high-powered imaginations seem to have teamed up without a hitch.

Family Scene

"A HOUSE FOR CLARISSA," by Shirley Darbyshire (Collins; 8s. 6d.), is a good, straight-ahead, watertight novel, with no nonsense about it. That is to say, the situation is promising, the characters hold one's interest, and the plot does not cease to move—in its quiet way. Miss Darbyshire is not a "modern" novelist—but this, in itself, makes her work an agreeable novelty. There is, and there always will be, a place for novels that are entertaining, comfortable and full of common sense.

In *A House for Clarissa*, one of the principal characters is a house—Densham Manor, in Kent: not large, but curiously august, with its approach of trees, its graceful shabby façade, its interior that has scorned to move with the times and is full of the atmosphere of the past. Linked with the Manor is the personality of its mistress—old proud Mrs. Densham, whom, though she is a dowager, no bride has yet arrived to displace. She is as intimidating, and as obstinate, as an empress; she rules the two other Densham women—her unmarried daughter Mary, her granddaughter Sarah—with a rod of iron. Tradition, in her view, comes before everything. Indomitably, old Mrs. Densham stands up to war, bombs (for this is a danger area) and the changing times. In this she has, I may say, the support of an excellent cellar; whatever the other austerities of Densham, sherry flows, there is always claret at lunch. Only her widowed daughter-in-law, Hester, who comes down for week-ends from her work in London, and her grandson and heir, David Densham, remain a little outside her spell.

Into this household arrives a third grandchild, stranger till now. Lovely Clarissa—egocentric, wealthy and accustomed to having her own way—has been dislodged from the Côte d'Azur by the fall of France. She has returned to make her mother's former home her headquarters. Will Clarissa come into conflict with her grandmother? Far from it: the two form a strong alliance. Not only this, but Clarissa pervades the Manor, virtually buys it up and begins to extrude the others. Is she to complete her power by becoming David's wife?

The climax, with its approaches to tragedy, is well drawn.

Wales

"THE STORY OF WALES" has been told, dramatically but clearly, by Rhys Davies in the "Britain in Pictures" series (Collins; 4s. 6d.). This country of mountains and mines, of vehement temperaments and celestial singing, of nonconformity and relentless rainfall, seems encircled by Mr. Davies's understanding, and is well served by his pen. We have a section of history—too little known outside Wales—and portraits of patriots, preachers, industrialists and eccentrics: high in the last group I place the lovable Dr. Price.

Thermal Spa

Nor least among imports from New Zealand are the first-rate detective stories of Ngaio Marsh. In her latest, *Colour Scheme* (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.), character interest, family comedy and really superb scene-painting of the North Island are more prominent than the actual mystery—which last, I thought, was even inclined to lag. I had hoped that the victim would meet an earlier fate, and leave space to dear, mild, incompetent Colonel and Mrs. Claire, and to Barbara, who spoiled her good looks by clowning.

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A Page for Women by M. E. Brooke.

There is nothing more becoming than a felt hat especially when it rests on the brow. This charming model is available in several colour schemes, with contrasting bands encircling the crown. It looks as well on a fine as a wet day. Swan and Edgar



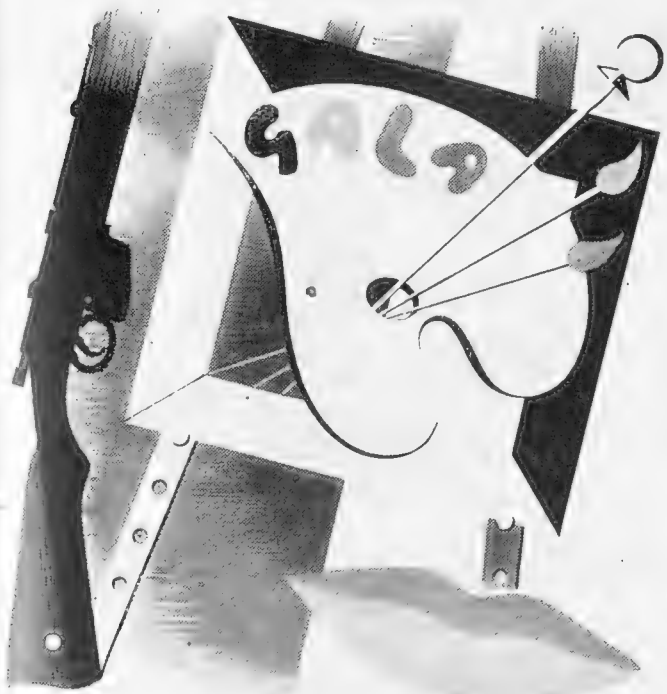
ECONOMIES IN WARTIME



Herringbone Cumberland tweed makes this classic tailored suit, touches of black being cleverly introduced on the coat. The arrangement of the belt is new and has a very slimming effect. Fortnum and Mason



A West of England tweed makes this all-weather coat. Its length of life is well-nigh unending. The sleeves are inset and the revers admirably tailored. There are others with Raglan sleeves and neat belts. Aquascutum



Colour The artist lays aside his rifle to paint the lovely English landscape for which he fights—and women too, artists in their own way, work, serve, and remain beautiful. And Gala is a lipstick that contributes much to this wartime beauty of ours, for its colours are rich and permanent, its texture is creamy, it flows smoothly on to the lips, and it seldom requires retouching.

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LIMITED

BUBBLE & SQUEAK

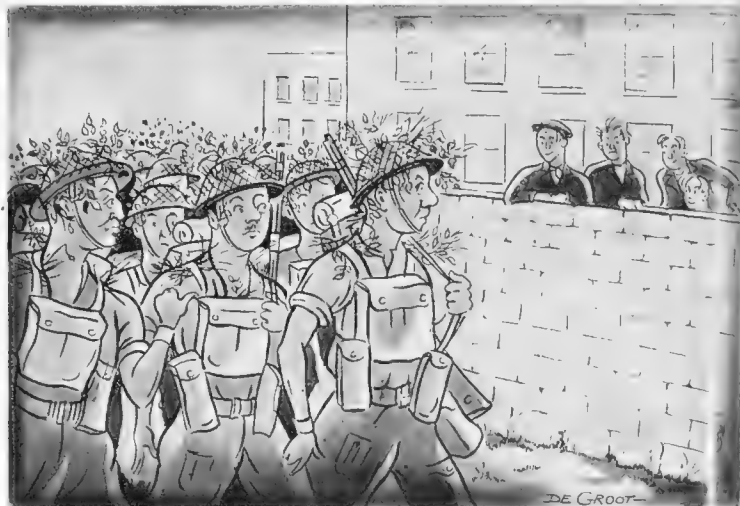
Stories from Everywhere

A CERTAIN American lady was entertaining very special guests. After looking over all the appointments carefully, she put a note on the guest towels: "If you use these, I will murder you." It was meant for her husband. In the excitement she forgot to remove the note. After the guests had departed, the towels were discovered still in perfect order, as well as the note itself.

UNTIL he was thrust into the forefront as official spokesman for the Ford Motor Company at Congressional hearings, the late Edsel Ford held the reputation of being proof against interviewers. His longest statement for the Press consisted of these two words: "See father."

Once, some years ago, however, Edsel was induced to break down. The occasion was the celebration at Dearborn, Michigan, of the completion of the fifteen millionth Model T. Ford. Besieged by reporters to say something, and urged on by his father and the latter's associates, Edsel finally agreed: "All right, I'll make a statement."

This is what he said: "Fifteen million is a lot of anything."



"Look, Joe—Loonies!"

THE following is taken from the *News Chronicle*:—

Wire is one of the things needed by farmers that is scarce in wartime. It can be obtained only by a permit. A Berkshire farmer who became a little impatient when his permit did not arrive composed the following "Field post card," and sent it to the county war committee, with the request that they should strike out what did not apply and return it to him:—

To hell with you and your wire.
There is no wire.
What is wire?
Don't you know we're at war?
You can have a permit
(next month)
(next year)
(in 1945).
Herewith permit.

A COMMANDO on leave had spent a long evening with friends at the village inn. They showed him a quick way home across the fields, forgetting that the local bull was loose.

The bull attacked, not recognising the commando's beret. The unfortunate animal was gripped by the horns and lugged about the field until it managed to break free and bolt.

"Pity I had those last two drinks," said the soldier. "I ought to have got that chap off his bike."

A SAILOR called unexpectedly on his fiancée. He found her all dressed up and ready to go to a dance.

"That's the spirit," he told her. "No need to sit about and be gloomy."

Just then the telephone bell rang, and the sailor answered it.

"What?" he said. "Oh, yes—judging from the number of U-boats we've sunk, I should certainly think so." And he hung up the receiver.

"Who was that?" asked the girl, somewhat apprehensively.

"Oh," said the sailor, "just a fellow who wanted to know if the coast was clear!"

"I'm so sorry to keep breakfast waiting," said the husband, coming down about half an hour late. "What am I having with the dried egg, dear?"

"Dried bacon," replied his wife, grimly.

Salvage Saves Ships and Sailors' Lives. Every Scrap of Paper, Every Bone, Every Rag, Every Article of Rubber Counts. Do YOUR Share!

The fact that goods made of raw materials, in short supply owing to war conditions, are advertised in this paper, should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



Tango Hats

*{ It is Quality that
calls when Quantity
falls }*

OBTAINABLE FROM LEADING MILLINERS

The COTY health Chart

HAIR. The condition of your hair is a good guide to your general condition. Lank, dull hair may indicate a badly balanced diet. Most of us eat far too little greenstuff and do not drink enough water. Even the correct foods can be spoilt by wrong cooking. Green vegetables should be eaten lightly cooked or raw.

EYES. Dull eyes often indicate a tired body; lacking energy and resistance. To make energy, the body needs "fuel" foods. One of the most valuable of these is potatoes; rich in energy-producing starch.

CHEEKS. The pink flush in your cheeks comes from the red corpuscles in your blood. To maintain these, the body must have iron. Iron is found in all green



vegetables; particularly the dark green variety.

LIPS. Like the cheeks, the lips derive their freshness and colour from iron. Iron is contained in spinach, eggs, apples, lentils, peas, beans and potatoes.

TEETH. Your teeth draw their strength and whiteness from the calcium in your food. Cheese, milk (*fresh, canned or household*), eggs (*dried or fresh*), and most green vegetables are all rich in calcium.

SKIN. Because of the climate, most Englishwomen's skins are inclined to be dry. Skin-care demands internal as well as external treatment. Plenty of fresh green vegetables, raw or lightly cooked, should be included in the daily diet. COTY Creations will add the finishing touch.

P.S. This advertisement is sponsored by COTY in support of the Ministry of Food. It is part of the COTY Wartime Beauty Service.

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in the Navy! There's a
job to be done and it
needs fitness to do it.



— every morning take
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Twiddling Knobs

A VAST amount of ingenuity has been exercised on the problem of sights for air gunners, but it seems to me that the progress made is remarkably small. Air fighting in my own day was too quick a business to allow instruments to be set and reset, and from what my R.A.F. friends tell me the same is true today.

Yet the sights that are offered for our admiration always start with a setting which is usually that of the wing span of the target aircraft. So it does not matter how clever all the mechanical gadgets in the sight may be, its accuracy is determined in the first place by the pilot's knowledge and early recognition of the target machine. Another astonishing thing is that the most beautifully constructed gun sights will be so mounted in the aircraft that, in many of the circumstances of combat, they are useless. It is impossible (in the case I am thinking about) to make the correct allowance and get the enemy machine in the sight! It seems to me that in the development of gun sights for air use there is a strong case for a much closer liaison between the man in the air and the man in the research unit and optical laboratory.

The Norman Sight

ONE of the cleverest pieces of sight development work was done by my old friend the late Major Norman. He devised the Norman foresight for gunners using rotatable, open-air mountings. This foresight really did take from the gunner some of the problems and solve them instantaneously and without the need for special settings. Since the introduction of the closed gun turret, nothing which can be regarded as so successful a solution of the sighting problems has been provided, and the computing sights we hear so much about have their very close limitations.

The sights for a single-seat fighter show no faster development than those for the turret gunner. Yet here the problem is not so difficult. I am of the opinion that the German fighters would have been much less badly mauled by the Fortresses if they had mounted a really good sight.

Today air firing ranges are still ridiculously short. In my day 100 yards was a longish range; now 700 yards is a long range, though hits are often reported from 800 yards. But with modern 20 mm. cannon ranges ought to have gone up to something approaching a mile. That the fighter still cannot engage with a fair chance of success unless he rushes right in and closes with the enemy is a sign that sights are behind the times. The fighters of the future must visualise opening fire at ranges of 1,500 yards as a regular thing.

Fighter Ups and Downs

THE fine work of the Fortresses has rather put the single-seat fighter in the shade, but I think it will come back. I can imagine various forms of development which would again put the fighter in the lead. One of them is that already mentioned, sight development, but there are others. Moreover, even the Fortress crews are aware of the special advantages possessed in combat by the small single-seat machine. That was why they took a P-47 escort with them to Emden the other day. That was a great feat for single-seat fighters and I have no idea where the Thunderbolts managed to stow all the fuel that must have been needed.

I noticed, incidentally, in the Disney-Seversky film that Major de Seversky carefully excluded the possibility that fighters would develop alongside bombers. He delightfully spread himself on the amazing things that the bombers of the future would be, but forgot that fighters might also make progress and be rather more formidable than they are today. Personally I am, and always have been a fighter man in the sense that I believe that the small fighter will always dominate the aerial battlefield. It will have its ups and downs in the degree of dominance, but that is all. We must not allow the brilliant work of the Fortresses to warp judgment on this point.

People

THE appointment of Mr. Alonzo Limb to be joint managing director of C. C. Wakefield was welcomed by everybody in aviation. This company has played a most unusual part in air development for it gave support to many of the pioneer flights. Indeed Wakefield made many of those flights possible.

I wonder if, after the war, the big oil and petrol companies will be as generous as they were before it in giving those who wanted to the chance of trying new things. Many of the big names among air pilots would never have been heard if it had not been for the support of the oil and petrol companies. Anyhow, the aviation world was well represented at a delightful gathering in London the other day, presided over by Mr. Limb. There seems to be little doubt that aviation will not lack supporters when it has to fend for itself in the days to come.

While I am talking about the people in aviation I should mention that Commander Harold Perrin, on expressing his desire to discontinue his service with the Royal Aero Club after a period of forty-two years, has been made the object of a special testimonial—if that is the right word—from members of the club. Subscriptions are coming in well, and it is likely that the secretary of the club and greatest Aero Club will receive a fitting tribute to his services.

All who have lived in this aviation world for any length of time, by the way, are wondering how it has come about that Captain Geoffrey de Havilland has not received any suitable official recognition for his services. In my opinion it is an example of how little those in authority know about aviation and about those who have really served it best.



W/Cdr. John Howard Player, D.F.C., whose squadron under his command destroyed sixteen enemy aircraft in fifteen days, has always displayed the greatest gallantry and fine leadership. In March he was instrumental in organising intruder operations over Sardinia frequently taking part in the sortie.



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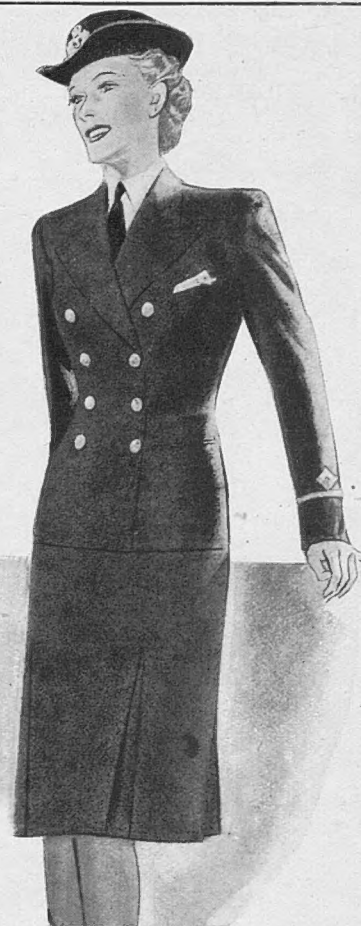


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Essay in Elegance

The service dress of an officer in the W.R.N.S. is a uniform that gives scope to the tailor to produce a triumph of his craft. Strictly to regulation pattern, the example shown here is just such an essay in elegance. Moss Bros. can do as much for you, making it in the shortest possible time and providing all accessories ready to wear.



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what exactly
is Bemberg?



Assistant: Well, Madam, most people seem to regard Bemberg as a ladies' stocking. But, in fact, it is not a stocking, it is not a garment, and it is not even a fabric.

Customer: But I am sure I have heard of Bemberg stockings!

Assistant: Quite right, Madam, but it is not the *stocking* that is Bemberg, it is the thread, or yarn, from which the stocking is made. Everybody knows what wonderful stockings they are. They are knitted from the finest, silkiest thread made by man. The point to remember is that, just as a silk stocking is made of silk yarn, so a Bemberg stocking is made of Bemberg yarn. And it is the superb quality of Bemberg yarn which gives your stocking that gossamer-sheer fineness, that incomparable ability to stand up to hard wear.

Customer: How very interesting. Tell me more.

Assistant: If you will allow me, Madam, I will tell you more about it in future announcements in this paper.

ask for frocks and fabrics
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Pringle of Scotland are looking forward to the time when they can once again satisfy the ever increasing demand for Pringle Sportswear at home and abroad.

Pringle Sportswear

'Your Braemars always look so new'

'A stitch-in-time's*
what makes them do'



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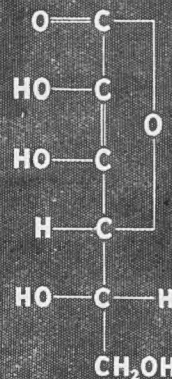
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TOOTH PASTE

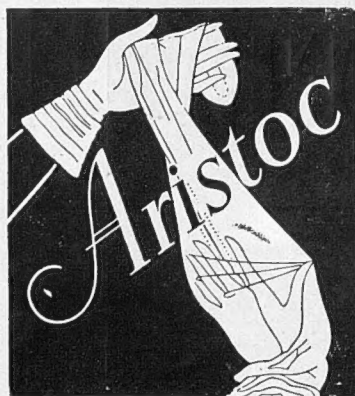
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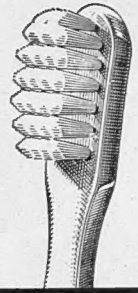
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The forces of decay are always waiting to attack. And the teeth we have now must last a lifetime: there is no re-issue. Food particles which cling to the teeth provide a foothold for decay. Only by thorough brushing after every meal can we be sure that the enemy is not infiltrating through our defences.

This regular brushing is a precaution open to us all; but brushing, no matter how painstaking, with a toothbrush that because of its shape cannot possibly reach the entire surface of every tooth, is inefficient.

Tek is the one toothbrush scientifically designed to fit every mouth, to clean every tooth and every part of every tooth.

Tek

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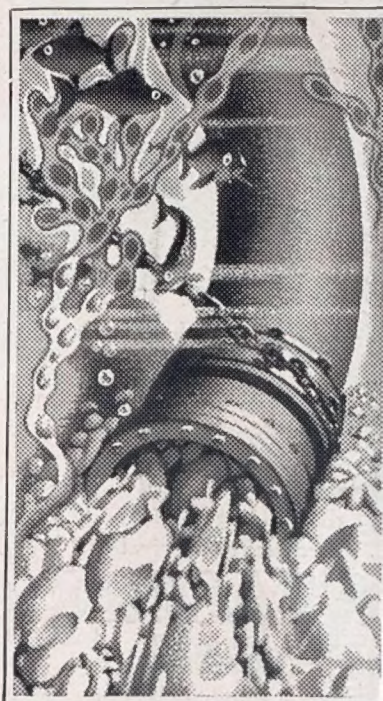
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